LOOK OUT FOR "THE POISON PUFF BALL" IN NEXT WEEK'S LEDGER.

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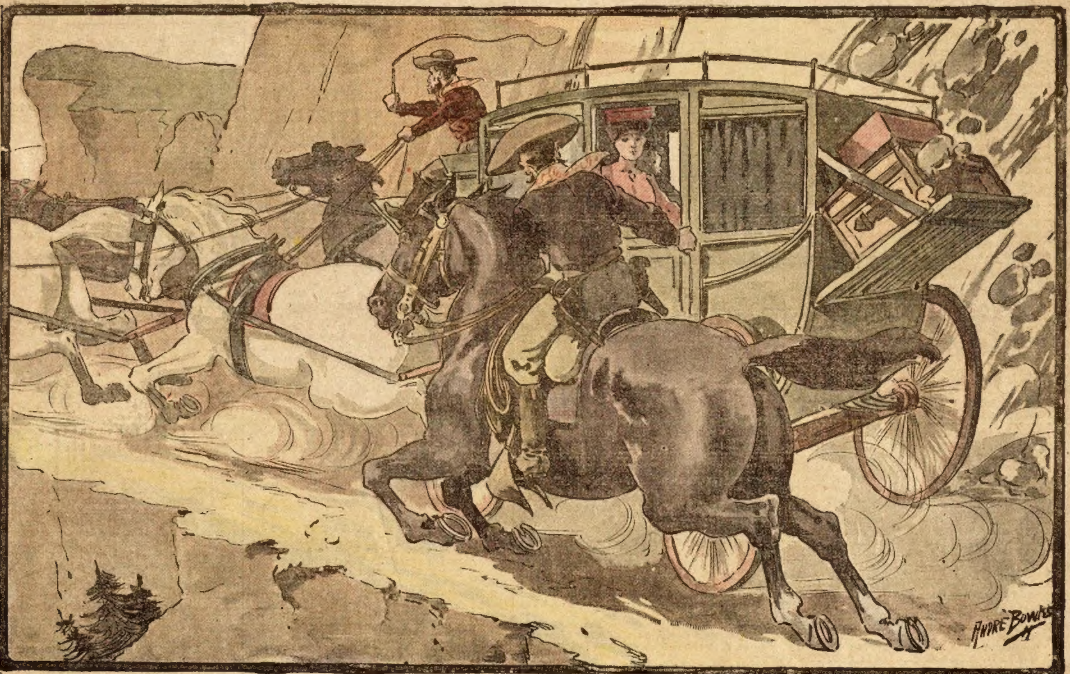
DENVER DICK'S STRATEGY;

OR, DOWNING THE BOSS OF TELLURIDE.

BY COLONEL WILLIAM PERRY.



"Cast yourself forward!" he shouted.

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CHAPTER I.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN LANDSLIDE.

The stage coach lumbered heavily up the long grade, and as Blue Dave, the veteran driver, was a merciful man, the four horses took their time.

A deep canon yawned at the right, while on the left the mountain side rose so steeply that it was almost a cliff. Scraggy trees clung to the rocky sides, though far above the slope appeared to be more gradual, and the forest growth larger, denoting a more luxuriant soil. Far in the distance one or two snow-clad peaks thrust themselves into view beyond the gaps in the nearer mountain range.

At the top of the divide Blue Dave rested his horses a moment, then began a rapid descent, amid wilder and loftier crags than ever.

A distant rumble came to his ears, descending seemingly from the clouds, whereat the driver looked upward uneasily, then lashed his horses into a wild gallop that shook the coach in such fashion that an alarmed face was thrust out of the open window; a refined, bearded, elderly face.

"Anything wrong, driver?" shouted the passenger at the top of his voice. "Why do we——"

"Land slide!" roared Blue Dave, still urging his team forward.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the elderly man, whose name was Nathan Bryant, to his daughter, who was seated beside him, "what shall we do, Nell?"

"Do nothin'," replied a rough-looking, evil-faced, middle-aged individual in mining garb, who was the only other passenger. "Blue Dave will pull us through ef ther's enny chance."

Nevertheless, his face evinced a good deal of suppressed alarm. Ellen Bryant, a fair young girl of perhaps eighteen years, said nothing, but clasped her father's hand, while her features contracted in an effort to control her fears.

The rumbling grew rapidly louder, and was mingled all at once with the sound of some one shouting behind the coach. Both men looked out as the coach whirled swaying and staggering round one of the numerous bends in the road. A large man on a big horse was closing in on them rapidly. He was a striking and picturesque figure, with his long hair floating in the wind beneath a broad-brimmed sombrero, while a formidable mustache lent fierceness and resolution to a handsome face, now quite stern in its eager anxiety.

"Denver Dick, or I'm a fool!" exclaimed the third passenger. "What is he doin' down in these parts?"

He spoke to himself, rather than the others and he looked more alarmed than ever, for some reason.

"Nell," said Mr. Bryant, "it must be our man Gentry——"

"Hurry up there!" shouted Denver Dick, in stentorian tones, as he drew alongside the reeling stage coach. "Lash 'em, Dave! We will all be in kingdom come in ten seconds if you don't get a better move on."

The rumble had increased to a thundering roar and up the mountainside trees were swaying and falling amid a descending cloud of dust. The horseman, with remarkable nerve, pushed his steed between the coach and the yawning chasm that marked the sheer descent into the unknown depths of the canon. One false step and both horse and rider would have been precipitated to certain destruction.

As he reached the fore wheel Denver Dick snatched from his saddlebow a long quirt that uncoiled itself like a black snake. Twirling this dexterously he began to ply the coach horses, shouting vigorously the while, thus adding his own efforts to Blue Dave's, to force the coach past the point of danger.

Down came the landslide, tearing up great rocks and trees, its momentum increasing as it descended, until it loomed squarely above the seemingly doomed travelers, whose escape appeared to be impossible. The girl, who had sat motionless with a face like death, now lost her nerve, and, springing up, thrust her body through the window.

"Save me!" she cried, in agonized tones, now almost drowned beneath the noise of the descending mass of earth, rocks and trees. "Save me!"

Denver Dick, still plying his quirt, dropped back a trifle and extended his left arm.

"Cast yourself forward!" he shouted amid the din. "Do as I say! Don't be afraid!"

Hardly conscious of what she did, Ellen lunged through the window, and was caught dextrously round the waist. She felt herself dragged forward across the saddlebow, while Denver Dick applied his spurs with such effect that the horse sprang forward, snorting with pain and terror.

Barely had the animal cleared the forward coach wheel when the landslide descended into the road, filling up the narrow level and plunging into the abyss at the right. A tremendous boulder, whirling loose at the edge of the crashing mass, struck the rear part of the coach, smashing the wheel and tearing away the rumble where the baggage was stowed. At this juncture a final effort on the part of Blue Dave caused the frightened horses to jerk the crippled vehicle past the line of further danger where it quietly tumbled over at a point of the road slightly wider than usual.

Out scrambled the two remaining passengers head first, while the overturned coach lay on its side at the very brink of the awful chasm. Blue Dave reined in his plunging horses, and a cloud of dust settled over them all, as from the bottom of the canon came up a lingering series of sounds denoting the final stoppage of the avalanche at the bottom.

"That's wot I calls a close call," said the driver, springing to the leader's heads. "Here you!" to the mining passenger, who had risen, "give us a hand here, will you. We must hold these hosses, fer we may have to ride 'em to Telluride yet, by jee!"

Meanwhile, Denver Dick, with his fair charge, had passed on ahead of the rearing coach horses. Ellen saw the descending avalanche apparently about to overwhelm the coach, and she put her hands to her eyes.

"My father!" she gasped. "Save him! I——"

"You first!" exclaimed the Denver sport. "We always take care of the women first in this country. Well! I believe she has fainted!"

As the great rock crashed against the stage, Ellen, believing her father doomed, gave a faint scream and closed her eyes. Denver Dick felt her slight figure collapse in his arms, and he hastened to place her upon the ground, and resort to immediate measures to restore her to consciousness, having already assured himself that the worst was over and no lives lost.

Mr. Bryant was momentarily dazed by the shock of his fall. He lay half stunned for a time, then rose slowly, feeling badly shaken up.

"My daughter!" was his first clear thought as he staggered forward, past Blue Dave and the other passenger, who were attending to the horses. "What became of her?"

"Here you are, sir!" called Denver Dick. "I suppose you are her father. If you don't mind, I will give her a drop of brandy. It is only fright. She thought you would be killed."

Mr. Bryant, now kneeling beside his daughter, chafing her hand, eagerly assented to Gentry's proposal, who immediately forced a little of the strong but revivifying liquor down her throat. Presently she sighed deeply, opened her eyes and was assisted to a sitting posture.

"Nellie," pleaded her father, "don't you recognize me? We are all safe, thanks to this gentleman here, whom we have heard of before, and who is, I think, the very man we most want to meet."

"You are alive!" exclaimed Ellen, as she embraced her father. "I felt sure you would be killed. Then I—I guess I must have fainted."

"No wonder, child. It was a terrible experience while it lasted," responded the father, then turning to the horseman, who was regarding him curiously, "I heard you called Denver Dick, sir."

"Very likely. I am pretty well known by that name through these parts. I do not think, though, that I have ever met you before."

"No; you have not. But I guess you used to know my brother, Jason Bryant, who prospected and mined a good deal in Colorado a number of years back. He made his pile and went to St. Louis to live, where he died recently."

"Jase Bryant dead?" Dick Gentry's tone indicated both surprise and sorrow. "That strikes me hard. He was one of the whitest men I ever dealt with. And you are his brother Nathan. How are you? I got your letter and here I am. But why did you not wait for me at Boulderville?"

"I found your telegram there requesting me to go on to Telluride and wait for you there."

"A telegram from me!" exclaimed Dick, in surprise, at the same time glancing suspiciously at the passenger in mining garb, who was looking their way uneasily. "I never wired you at all. I reached Boulderville on time and found you had just left on the stage, so I hired a horse and hurried on after you. Who gave you the telegram or told you it was there?"

"That man," replied Mr. Bryant, pointing to the other passenger. "He was quite friendly. Said he knew I was stopping at the Bed Rock Hotel, and being at the telegraph office, he brought the dispatch over."

Denver Dick again eyed the other passenger, then walked over and seized him suddenly by the throat.

CHAPTER II.

DENVER DICK UNMASKS A RASCAL.

The man, now pale with fear or anger, attempted to draw back.

"I thought I knew you, Hank Rawson," said the Denver man, maintaining his grasp despite the efforts of the other. "We ran you out of Nugget Notch two years ago, and I think now we ought to have strung you up. Do you want to get out of this scrape alive?"

"Course I do!" growled Rawson, with some difficulty, for Denver Dick's grasp was not a gentle one. "Wot do yer want?"

"How did you come by that telegram you gave to Mr. Bryant?"

"Let up, will yer. How can I talk with my windpipe stopped up?"

Denver Dick released the fellow, but before the latter could make a move he was looking into the muzzle of a leveled revolver which the former had produced with lightning-like movement.

"Now, will you tell me where you got that false telegram?"

"From the operator, of course. Who else?"

"We do not want any fooling, my man," commented Denver Dick, as the others gathered about. "This pistol is very light on the trigger."

Mr. Bryant, who had been scrutinizing the fellow closely, now appeared to be struck with a sudden remembrance. He whispered in the horseman's ear these words:

"Just as I was leaving St. Louis a detective whom I had employed to shadow Doss Hawkins, reported to me that he had left on an earlier train for Denver. At least he bought a ticket for that place."

"And who is Doss Hawkins?" demanded Denver Dick, still keeping Rawson carefully covered.

"I forgot that you are hardly likely to know him by that name. He is Doss Hawkins in the East and when he goes in for respectability. In St. Louis he is Colonel Hawkins of Telluride. But, out here, with his gang about him, he is"—here Mr. Bryant still further lowered his tone as he placed his lips very close, whereat Denver Dick looked surprised, then nodded comprehendingly.

"Now, will you answer me," said he, sternly, to Rawson. "If you lie we will know it, and, as I stated, this gun is remarkably light on trigger."

Hank Rawson still hesitated. But his face grew ashy, for he saw no mercy in Denver Dick's eye.

"My pard," he began, then stopped abruptly. "Fire and be hanged!" he added, vehemently. "I'll not split."

"I always thought you were game, Hank," commented the Denver sport. "It is a great pity you are not honest. Search him, Dave." To the stage driver, who had been surveying Denver Dick with open admiration ever since the passing of the landslide had terminated their danger. "You know me, I rather guess."

"Know ye!" ejaculated Blue Dave. "Who is it as don't know ye? Bet your life I know ye, and I'm as proud as a snake in a perairy dog's hole to have the honor of yer erquaintance."

So saying, he speedily emptied Hank Rawson's pockets of their contents, including a brace of revolvers and a murderous-looking bowie knife. Beyond these weapons nothing of a suspicious nature appeared.

"Pull off his coat and hat and shoes and stockings," ordered Denver Dick. "Sorry to be rude, Hank, but if you will be obstinate, we will have to strip you. Mr. Bryant, perhaps you had better take Miss Bryant behind the coach. We may have to peel this rascal to the very hide, for I am satisfied that he has compromising papers on him somewhere. It is most important for us to find out about the plans of Red Murdoch and his gang——"

"Red Murdoch!" almost shouted Rawson, excitedly.

"Or—Doss Hawkins; whichever you prefer. Are they not one and the same? Not your pard, though, but your boss." Denver Dick smiled knowingly, while Rawson's excitement increased.

Suddenly he jerked a silver whistle from a place of concealment in his bosom and blew three short, sharp blasts that made the mountainside ring. A pistol cracked, and the whistle was knocked from Rawson's hand at the expense of one broken finger, whereat the man fairly danced with pain.

"You were in my way, Dave," said Denver Dick, calmly, "or I would have stopped that signalling. Evidently Hank has friends about, and looks for help. We must hurry. Go on with your search, Dave."

The Bryants, having retired, Hank Rawson, despite his complaints, was stripped to his underclothing. At last a folded paper was brought forth by the stage driver, at sight of which Hank fell to cursing.

Denver Dick opened the paper, while Hank, still vociferating, put on his clothing, after which the Bryants came forward. The contents of the letter, which were read by both Gentry and Mr. Bryant, were sufficiently surprising.

"Get the gang together," it began, without naming the person to whom it was addressed. "I will wire Bryant in Gentry's name to go on and not wait. You should be there when Bryant arrives. By separating him from Gentry and ingratiating yourself with him, you ought to be able to take him on to Animas Canon, where the gang should be posted. Once in your power I look to you to place Nathan Bryant where his claims to the Little Ellen Mine will no longer trouble me. Succeed and I will plank down heavily for all of you. Fail, and I will retain you in my pay no longer. Look for me in a few days. Mind, Hank, this thing must go. I want no failure. Above all, do not let Dick Gentry overtake Bryant. That man is a host in himself. I will detain him here as long as possible. R. M."

"'R. M.' means Red Murdoch, eh, Hank?" Denver Dick looked at Rawson knowingly. "I saw him in Denver. He was disguised as a banker. We played until within ten minutes of my train time. He used every art to keep me longer, but I finally told him it was no go. Then I told him who he was. He denied it, blustered a bit, but finally wilted. At last he told me to 'Git! you'll be too late, anyhow,' says he. And, by George, I very nearly was."

"He speaks of the gang being in Animas Canon," commented Mr. Bryant, uneasily. "Is—not—this—the—place?"

"Right you are, old cock," quoth Rawson, impudently. "If the boys are on hand, and I know they are, you folks will sing a different tune afore long. You haven't reached the Little Ellen yet."

"We will get there, though, Hank," replied Denver Dick. "Here is the young lady for whom Jason Bryant named the mine. She will be our mascot. She will bring us good luck."

"Gents, the hosses are all ready," interposed Blue Dave. "Hadn't we better be moseyin' along?"

Blue Dave's suggestion was at once adopted. All hands mounted on horseback except Rawson, who, disarmed and on foot, was driven before them with Denver Dick's ready pistol pointed at his broad back. The disabled stage was left behind, Blue Dave taking along the small mailbag.

As they advanced down the dark canon Rawson's spirits rose. He began to whistle and sing so loudly that the Denver man ordered him peremptorily to be quiet.

"Your friends are near enough without any more signalling," said Denver Dick, as they passed a sort of cave, opening behind a huge isolated rock. "You ought to have had a dose of cold lead at first."

Hank Rawson's reply was a startling whoop that rang through the deep canon, as he darted behind a tree, and from thence sought to gain the shelter of the big boulder before the cave.

Denver Dick's pistol cracked on the instant. Rawson's whoop changed to a shriek of pain, as he sank to the ground and lay there writhing.

A series of yells now rose before and behind the little party, as a number of armed men on foot showed themselves in front and rear.

"Trapped, by thunder!" cried Blue Dave. "Wot next?"

CHAPTER III.

STRANGE HAPPENINGS IN THE CAVE.

Denver Dick, whose calm demeanor was not at all ruffled by this alarming turn of events, urged Mr. Bryant and his daughter to make for the cave so close at hand.

"Go on ahead," he said, turning to Blue Dave. "There may be some one there, but it is a fair chance."

"I'm your huckleberry," replied the driver, who was plucky enough in an emergency. "Ef one of them tarnation varmints shows himself at the mouth er thet there cave, you kin count on him as a gone goslin'."

Mr. Bryant would have hesitated, but the stern expression of Denver Dick's features impelled obedience. As the three disappeared beyond the body of Rawson, a rattling fire from the advancing enemy pattered around them, but without further effect than to accelerate their retreat.

The leader sprang from his horse, jerked loose a Winchester from the saddle, and taking shelter close to the boulder behind the faithful animal, he poured several well-directed shots both up and down the defile, either dropping or wounding a man at each fire.

"Bully for you, pard!" exclaimed a voice at his back. "The cave is all right and the tenderfoot and his gal are safe. Watch me take that fellow under the cliff off his steppers."

It was Blue Dave returning, eager to take a hand in the fight. He, too, in addition to pistols, had a repeating rifle, which formed part of his regular equipment as stage driver in that wild region. But Denver Dick, having impressed the foe by the fatal effect of his own fire, thought it wisest to seek better shelter, sepecially as he did not wish to lose his horse. Surprised by the Denver Sport's accurate shooting, both parties were falling back a little, at the same time keeping up a scattering fire that resulted in slightly wounding the horses and in sending a bullet through the crown of Denver Dick's large soft hat.

"We must get back," he declared, striking his steed smartly on the flank, whereat it trotted into the cave after the other horses. "Quick!"

He pushed the reluctant driver behind the boulder and thence into the cave, despite Dave's remonstrances. These were interrupted by a muffled feminine scream, coming apparently from the bowels of the mountain.

"Wot in tarnation's that?" demanded Blue Dave. "Where's the old gent and his gal?"

"Watch the mouth of the cave a moment while I look into this," Dick Gentry said. "I don't see either Mr. Bryant or the girl, yet yonder come the horses."

As he spoke the animals appeared from the darkness of the inner cave, seeming frightened, though the cause was not apparent. Denver Dick, taking his lariat, fastened all four horses together, then pushed cautiously further into the cave, keeping his weapon ready and his eye on the lookout.

As he advanced further from the entrance the daylight rapidly waned and upon turning a sharp angle Denver Dick found himself in total darkness, and halted for an instant, in order to determine what he had best do next. Behind him arose sundry shoutings, accompanied by the crack of firearms, indicating that Blue Dave might have difficulty in maintaining his position at the mouth of the cave.

From the interior darkness at first no sound came, though presently the Denver Sport became aware that something was stealthily moving near by. He drew softly to one side and waited, at the same time slinging his rifle and drawing a revolver.

"Halt!" he commanded, in a low, stern tone as the shadow drew close, at the same time laying a heavy hand on its shoulder.

To Denver Dick's surprise, a feminine scream rang out as the slender figure collapsd beneath his touch.

"Thunderation!" he exclaimed. "What have we here?"

As he gathered the light form in his arms a suspicion of the truth darted to his mind and he hurried back toward the daylight. But he had proceeded only a few steps when the person struggled to be released.

"Let me go!" exclaimed a silvery voice, in tones of entreaty.

Denver Dick obeyed with a haste that indicated his own surprise.

"Miss Bryant!" he exclaimed. "I wondered at finding a woman, yet I suspected some trick. What has happened?"

"My poor father!" she faltered. "Can we not rescue him?"

"Not until you tell me what has happened. Where is your father? How is it you are here alone?"

"We had scarcely got inside the cave when we were seized by men whose faces we could not distinguish owing to the darkness. I screamed for help. I heard my father groan and I thought they might have killed him. Finally some one met our captors and they became alarmed, I think. At any rate, I managed to free myself, and after running a short distance, I sank down in the darkness. They did not find me and presently I heard them go off, carrying my poor father."

"There must be another outlet to this cave. These rascals evidently had us surrounded above and below. Probably they occupied the cave to cut off our escape in that direction."

A shout from the mouth of the cave was now heard, that rendered Denver Dick uneasy. It was a cry for help, apparently.

"That sounds like Blue Dave's voice. Are you strong enough to run, Miss Bryant?"

"I think so. Let us go. You will not desert me, sir, I hope."

"By no means. I am here to serve your father and yourself. We must see how things go at the mouth of the cave, lest they pen us in here before and behind."

Supporting the girl with one arm, Denver Dick hurried back to the mouth of the cave, where the daylight disclosed the place to be, apparently, deserted. To the Denver Sport's surprise, Blue Dave was not to be seen, and the scene of recent conflict was as quiet as a graveyard.

"This is very strange," said Gentry. "Can the rogues have captured our stage driver and the horses, as well as your father?"

Placing Ellen Bryant behind a projecting angle of rock within the mouth of the cave, the Colorado Sport made a cautious, yet thorough search of the vicinity, and became convinced from the hoofmarks leading down the road, that the horses had been taken in that direction.

He was about to return to the cave when a stamping sound attracted his attention, that came from a narrow, bush-lined side gully, debouching into the main trail from the left.

The next instant a long head and a pair of cocked ears protruded from the shrubbery, at sight of which Denver Dick hurried forward and seizing the bridlerein, led forth his own good horse.

"Here is one streak of good luck," he declared. "In their haste to get away with the rest, the rascals have somehow overlooked the best nag of the lot. Now, I begin to see a chance to reach Telluride and place that poor girl in safety, while I run down Red Murdoch's gang and rescue her father."

When Ellen heard the tramp of hoof strokes she emerged from her place of concealment with the evident purpose of flying again for safety. But the sight of Denver Dick reassured her and she ran to him gladly.

"It is nearly night," remarked he, after replying to her first queries, "and we must prepare to leave this place. First, let us eat a bite. Nothing like a little good eating to make one ready for a hard night's ride."

He produced a well-prepared lunch from his saddlebags, and filled a tin cup with water from a nearby spring. Then they both ate heartily, while Denver Dick explained as much of his intentions as he thought it best that the girl should know.

"We will have to ride double," he declared, as he assisted her to a seat behind the saddle, where he had strapped a blanket for her convenience.

"That is nothing," said Ellen. "I am a good rider and can stand the trip very well. I only feel anxious about my father."

FREE

A WONDERFUL SHRUB—CURES

KIDNEY and BLADDER

Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.

Mr. Jno. Will, Route 2, Rural Delivery, Muncie, Ind., a widely known stock dealer and farmer writes Jan. 29th, 1901.

About Christmas 1898 I was examined with a view of taking out Life Insurance. The examining Physician, Secretary of the Board of Health, Delaware Co., Ind., to my surprise refused to pass me, stating that I was on the verge of Diabetes. Not being satisfied I went to my son-in-law, Dr. J. N. Bell, New Burlington, Ind., who after making examination told me that he nor any other Physician could give me medicine that would do me good. I went home sick and discouraged and in three months lost 35 lbs. In the meantime I heard of Alkavis and procured some of it not expecting it to do any good, but felt duty bound to give it a trial. I soon began to improve and after a short time was re-examined by same Physician and he pronounced me "Sound as a Dollar." Therefore I feel that I owe my life to Alkavis and cannot too highly recommend it.

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"Luckily I know enough about Red Murdoch's plans to feel sure that your father's life will be safe in their hands for the present."

"On what grounds do you base this assertion?"

"Murdoch, or Hawkins, as he is called, looked upon himself as the boss of Telluride. He has found out that the Little Emma is the richest mine in that district. That was the reason he went to St. Louis, where your uncle, Jason Bryant, who owned the mine, lived. Now, he claims that Jason sold him the mine just before Jason's death. Of course that is a bluff."

"To be sure it is; for he gave it to my father by will and testament, as can be easily proved."

"No doubt of that; but Murdoch, knowing that he is putting up only a bluff, was anxious to get your father out here where, as he thinks, your father would be in his power. Therefore, when Murdoch heard your father had employed me to see him through out here, Murdoch scrapes acquaintance wtih me at Denver, sent that false telegram, and tried to hinder me from going to you at Boulderville. I finally dropped on to his racket and pulled out. But he very nearly succeeded through Rawson's aid, and if I had not galloped on after you, both you and your father would have been kidnaped and I would not have known where to look you up."

"Well, he seems to have gotten father, as it is."

"Yes; but he will not keep him. I now know who is causing this trouble and how to go to work. Just as soon as you are safe, we will show Doss Hawkins that if he is good at hiding I am better at finding."

"What will they do with my poor father?"

"Murdoch will try every means in his power to induce your father to make over his claim to the Little Ellen to Colonel Hawkins of St. Louis, alias Red Murdoch of Telluride, and Lord knows how many other aliases besides. Murdoch has his gang who serve him for money. There are others in Telluride who serve him from fear, for when a man won't walk as Murdoch wants him to, that man sometimes disappears."

"Do you mean that he is secretly murdered?" queried the girl, with a shiver of horror, and glancing apprehensively at the forbidding crags on either side of the trail down which they were riding.

CHAPTER IV.

PAN-OUT PETE OF WAGON TONGUE.

Denver Dick nodded his head affirmatively, his keen eyes the while taking in their passing surroundings as the canon grew darker in the growing twilight.

Before Ellen could ask another question her protector drew the rein suddenly and the horse stopped. A sound something like a groan was audible that appeared to come from beyond a large tree that had either been blown or felled across the road.

The Denver Sport hastened to ride behind a shoulder of rock that offered protection on three sides from stray bullets, then sprang to the ground and unslung his rifle, saying as he did so to the girl:

"Wait here for me a moment. I must see what is the matter."

As he approached the tree, availing himself as much as possible of the irregular shelter of the rocks that lined the road, another groan arose. Denver Dick darted to the trunk of the tree from the nearest rock, cocked his weapon and sprang over the obstruction.

As he did so a man on the other side attempted to rise, but in an instant the Colorado Sport had him by the throat.

"Ye durned galoot!" gasped the man, despite the pressure of Gentry's fingers. "Don't ye know your friends?"

In the gathering gloom faces were almost indistinguishable, but Denver Dick recognized the voice, and instead of choking the life from the stranger, he raised him up solicitously and set him on the log.

It was Blue Dave, the stage driver.

"I thought at first you was Hank Rawson," explained Gentry. "He was wounded, but he disappeared while I was in the cave."

"They kerried the cuss off on one of the hosses, after they shot and captured me. Where's Mr. Bryant and his gal?"

"I fear they have got Bryant. The daughter is with me. Can you walk, old fellow? Lean on me. You shall take my place on the horse."

Blue Dave's wound, though it had lamed

him, was not dangerous. Denver Dick, despite the driver's remonstranse placed the wounded man in the saddle, and with his rifle in one hand, and holding the bridle in the other, led the way down the canon, after passing the fallen tree.

"Did you learn anything in regard to the plans of this gang?" asked Gentry, in a low voice of Blue Dave.

"I heard 'em say that Red Murdoch would be at Telluride when the gang got there. The cuss moves about as lively as a kickin' cayuse."

"He must have taken the short cut through the Black Tail Gap. If this is so we need not fear that Nathan Bryant will be harmed until he is taken before the boss, at any rate."

"They have some deep scheme on hand and Red Murdoch is the man to put it through, if any one can."

"I may be able to balk them yet. But how did you succeed in getting away from them without another ball through your body?"

"There comes a feller on hossback up the road, ridin' like sin. He give 'em some news; I guess it was about Red Murdoch. Then they hurried off as if they was sent for and couldn't go fast enough. I groaned and took on powerful, and the man who was holdin' me on his hoss thought I was dyin'. He had to get off at the fallen tree. After passin' that he couldn't put me up again, for I made myself as hefty as I could, and I reckon he thought I was about gone. The others were streakin' it down the road, so he give me a kick and a cussin' and off he went after the rest, leavin' me there half mad and yet tickled right smart at the way I'd come it over the fools."

"Don't you think that messenger may have brought news of the taking of Mr. Bryant by the other part of the gang?"

"Now you're shoutin'. Ah, what a headpiece you've got! Havin' got the man they want, the sooner they got away from the neighborhood of Denver Dick the safer they'd naterally feel—by gum!"

Darkness had now descended, yet the Denver Sport picked his way through the gloomy depths of the canon as surely as if it were still daylight, though the far-off twinkle of stars had little if any effect in that deep and narrow valley.

The rest of the journey to Telluride was unmarked by any further manifestation of their numerous enemies and despite the complaints of Dave regarding his wound, and the natural perils of the road, they arrived at the little mountain town shortly before midnight.

Riding up to the principal hotel, which was a two-story affair of rough boards, Denver Dick at once took Miss Bryant inside, leaving his horse and Blue Dave to the attention of the hostler.

"See you in the mornin'," called the driver after Gentry. "I guess the comp'ny will give me the sack for smashin' the coach and losin' the mails. In that case I'm your man if you need my help in futur'."

"All right," replied Denver Dick. "Come round." Then, to Ellen, as he led the way past the office and barroom to that portion occupied by the landlord and his family, "I am going to put you under the care of Mrs. Casey, the landlady. She is a good soul, knows me well, and will take good care of you as long as you are here."

"And my father? You will not give him up to those cruel men?"

"Not as long as my name is Richard Gentry. Keep up a good heart, and if you happen to recognize me at any time in the company of strangers, don't appear to know me unless I first speak to you. This is important to you, as well as to me, Miss Bryant."

Ellen gave the necessary assurances and was presently placed in charge of a fat, motherly, busy-looking woman, who greeted her warmly and evidently looked upon Denver Dick with a respect amounting almost to awe.

The Colorado Sport, after glancing into the barroom, without being seen himself, was assigned to a room by the landlord.

"See here, Casey," said the Denver man, "send up my saddlebags and keep dark as to my arrival. Have a doctor attend to Blue Dave, and if you happen to notice me moseying about don't you let on that you know me from a side of sole leather."

"And phwat are ye afther bein' up to this toime?" said Casey, with a knowing wink. "Phwat's the mater wid Tilluride?"

"Telluride is all right. It is some of the people that come here who sometimes make trouble."

"Are ye on wan av yer ould lays, and is it Dinver Dick as would think Pat Casey nades a flip av the tongue to make him kape quiet, whin sich is the case? Is it Rid Murdoch this toime?"

"It is. I know your prudence, Casey, so I may as well say that I want to circulate among the people who are making such a noise at the bar, and I don't wish to be known. Fetch up the saddlebags and in ten minutes I will be Pan-Out Pete of Wagon Tongue, who can drink deeper, jump higher, fight harder, and cuss louder than any blamed cayuse in the round-up. See?"

As Denver Dick gradually assumed the swagger and tone of a slightly intoxicated bad man of the mountains, Casey exploded into hearty laughter, as he replied:

"Divil fly away wid the scalp of me, but you're the bangin'est man out bechune this and Cripple Creek." And he went downstairs to execute his instructions, still laughing as he descended.

Meanwhile, in the bar room of the Telluride Hotel, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, a number of men were drinking, talking and otherwise enjoying themselves.

A narrow bar, backed by a mirror and sundry rows of bottles, was at one end of the saloon, and at the other stood a pool table round which three or four miners were playing for drinks.

Leaning against the bar was a short, stout, red-faced man with a bristling mustache, a bold eye and a general carelessness of manner, indicating indifference to the opinions of others and a determination to have his own way. Though drinking but little himself, he seemed to insist upon treating the crowd, nor were his imperative invitations declined by any then in the room, save a slender, rather dudish-looking fellow, who had just entered, evidently with the intention of applying for a room.

"Yere! You blamed tenderfoot!" said the stout man, who went by the name of Boulder Ben. "None of yer sneakin' back and lookin' as if ye didn't ketch on. I says take a patch of red liquor."

"Thanks, awfully," drawled the dude, indifferently; "but I hardly ever drink with strangers."

"The thunder you don't!" Boulder struck the bar with his fist and jarred the row of waiting glasses. "Hardly ever drink wid strangers, eh? Well, my gentle gazelle, 'hardly ever' don't rack down with me. Fill up afore wuss comes, ye mincin', mewlin' off-scourin' of the world."

As he spoke, Boulder Ben playfully drew a revolver, playfully cocked the same, and alowed the gleaming muzzle to wander playfully over the person of the young man, who shook his head negatively, and coolly placed his lighted cigar to his lips. The pistol cracked and the cigar flew to pieces as Boulder Ben shouted:

"If ye don't drink, I'll be hanged if ye shall smoke!"

The dude, without any sign of fear or anger, proceeded to calmly light another one, whereat Boulder Ben pointed his still smoking weapon at the young man's heart.

"Now, sonny," began the tough, "life air short and the years air skippin' by. You look powerful dry, spite of yer lyin', and this yere gun is mighty light on trigger, and ye've made me narvous as a b'ar with a sore head. Thurfores, liquor up, sonny, while times is good."

While this altercation was going on, a well-built man in rough garb, wearing a huge, flapping wool hat and a beard that fairly hid his face up to the eyes, appeared at the open door, against the jamb of which he leaned as if the support thus acquired were necessary to preserve his equilibrium.

"Who says liquor up?" he exclaimed, in a thick, high voice that was punctured by an occasional hiccough. "Anybody treatin', an' er leavin' out Pan-Out Pete of Wagon Tongue, es has the—hic—biggest swaller of ary galoot in T—ell—hic—uride? Sh-show me the cuss!"

There was a general stare at the newcomer, who swayed gently on his feet and strove to concentrate a frowning gaze upon the disputants. Meanwhile, two or three men were endeavoring to dissuade Boulder Ben from his evident purpose of picking a row with the stranger.

"It's easy to see you're not erquainted round here," whispered one. "Let that dude alone. He's dangerous."

"So'm I!" shouted Boulder Ben, giving no heed to Pan-Out Pete's drunken outbreak. "Look out for the catermount from Wild Cat. Look out fer his claws, tenderfoot. Wh-o-o-p-e-e! I'm Boulder Ben from Bull Creek——"

He got no further for Pan-Out Pete, who had walked forward rather unsteadily, now threw himself on the other's neck, exclaiming with drunken emotion, as he seized Ben's pistol hand and shook it heartily:

"Are ye really—hic—Boulder Ben? Shake, old hoss! Don't know me? Then yer drunk, old frien'—drunk er a fiddler's bow, after the jug is empty an' the last reel played."

"Turn me loose, ye durned, red-whiskered skunk! Know ye! I say, yer drunk! Let go of me. I'm goin' ter make thet tenderfoot choke himself on red liquor if I have ter drive it inter him with a pistol."

But Pan-Out Pete, under the guise of drunken friendship, hung to Boulder Ben's arm, exclaiming and hand-shaking, nor could the stout man release himself, despite his growing vexation. The youngish stranger shot one or two keen glances at Pete, then smiled slightly as he resumed his smoking.

Presently a change seemed to come over his mind, for he stepped briskly up to the bar and bade the man behind it set out his best, a command that was obeyed with alacrity.

"Gentlemen!" said he, in a clear, decided tone, "the sight of such exceeding friendship as I am now witnessing really makes me dry. All of you step up and take a patch at my expense."

At this Boulder Ben collected his energies, made a great effort, and forcibly released himself from Pete's embrace, who leaned against the bar and regarded both men with smiling affection.

"Ter blazes wid yer treat!" exclaimed Boulder Ben. "Wot d'yer take me for, Barkeep!" smashing his fist on the counter. "These drinks air mine. Drink, ye straw-faced dude er I'll feed yer like a baby with one hand and blow yer spoonful of brains out with t'other."

CHAPTER V.

RED MURDOCH CALLED DOWN.

The genteel stranger looked surprised at Boulder Ben's offensive remark, but he pointed to the bottle which had replaced the first one on the bar, as he remarked:

"If you insist on treating, my friend, you will have to pay double price, for I ordered the best. No pop skull for me, if you please."

"Wot business you orderin' of my drinks!" demanded Boulder Ben. "Barkeep, set down the other bottle. If you drink wid me, tenderfoot, I gauges the liquor, and drink you shall, or I'll pop your skull, sure enough."

"Do not change the bottles," ordered the stranger, quietly, and the barkeeper did not, whereat Boulder Ben flew into another rage.

"I'll l'arn ye to dispute the orders of a gentleman!" he cried, again raising his pistol, when it was struck from his hand by Pan-Out Pete, just as his finger touched the trigger and the ball went wide.

With a roar, Boulder Ben sprang forward, but the dudish stranger merely smiled, as he continued to lean against the bar, though there came a steel-like flash in his eye and his hand went to his pistol pocket.

But Boulder Ben did not get far, for Pete's entangling embrace was round his neck, though in apparent friendship, as the latter expostulated.

"Whass the user gettin' eggcited?" queried Pete. "I ain't goin' ter have no mix-up yere. Less a!! take that drink."

But Boulder Ben swore he would have blood, yet the more he struggled the less he seemed able to accomplish his purpose. Pete, still seemingly drunk, and with many protestations of friendship, managed to propel him nearer and nearer the door, all the while hugging and pushing the enraged tough, whose utmost strength appeared to be somehow ineffectual against the other's drunken persistency.

The amused onlookers saw Pete's hands remove, one by one, Boulder Ben's various weapons from his pockets and boots, and finally after wrenching from him the pistol he still grasped, thrust him through the door, which he shut and turned the key in the lock.

"M' frien's," stuttered Pete, turning back and still smiling most amiably, "that man—hic—come purty durned near gittin' mad—hic—didn't he, now?"

A shout of laughter greeted this sally that nearly drowned the uproar now being made by the ejected man from Bull Creek, in his efforts to beat in the door.

Pan-Out Pete now approached the bar and placed thereon the different weapons belonging to Boulder Ben, prefacing his action with a grave request to the barkeeper to take charge of them for the owner.

"And now, m' frien's," said Pete, pushing along the bottle, "it's—hic—my own turn now. Too long betwixt drinks, I say. Liquor up, boys. My old frien'—hic—Boulder Ben, thinks he's had enough."

The drinks were taken without further dispute, during which ceremony Pete winked several times at the genteel young stranger and finally led him aside, steadying his own steps by leaning affectionately on the arm of his new acquaintance.

The other yielded and presently the two were seated at some distance from the rest, who went on drinking, while Boulder Ben's noise gradually ceased without, as that person realized that he was no longer "in it" and was likewise weaponless.

"Well, Hawkins, my boy," began Pete, but was stopped by a gesture from the stranger. "Don't that name go here?"

"No more than Denver Dick does at present."

"We understand each other, then?" said the man supposed to hail from Wagon Tongue, whose words were now the words of a sober man, though he still simulated the manners of Pan-Out Pete. "Where can we have a little private talk?"

"Nowhere. I thought I had delayed you so that you would not interfere with my plans, but I find you are a hard man to hinder."

"One good turn deserves another. I kept that drunken fool from Bull Creek from making you trouble because I wanted a chance at you myself. Do you think I am going to let you off?"

Red Murdoch, or Doss Hawkins, for it was this redoubted bad man himself, cast an apprehensive look at Denver Dick, then at the others before the bar. They were drinking and talking uproariously, and paying no further attention to the two, sitting in an obscure corner of the room.

"You will have to let me off, unless I choose otherwise," said Murdoch.

"I guess you will choose my way, then. Your plot is known to me, but it won't work. I want you to take me to where Nathan Bryant is."

"I will see you hanged first. What do you think I am? A fool?"

"Very near a fool when you gave your plans away, as you did today. The letter I found on Hank Rawson was clear enough."

Red Murdoch suppressed an oath of vexation, as he replied:

"Had I been there we would have had all of you in our power. I feared my dull tools might blunder and hurried here by a shorter way. But enough of this. Go back to Denver, Dick Gentry. You have a pretty good name there for sharpness, but out here you are nowhere."

"We will wait awhile and see how we come out of this affair. Don't move. I have you covered. See!"

By a swift, stealthy movement, Denver Dick had produced a small bulldog revolver and pressed the same to Murdoch's side, while a low click intimated that it was cocked. Murdoch's first intention was to resist.

"If you move a hand I fire," whispered Gentry. "You know me. My mind is made up, for desperate cases require desperate measures."

"Nearly every man in this room knows me and will obey my commands. Now, will you let me go?"

"Nixy! Raise your voice; stir but a finger, except as I direct, and that instant you die."

"Don't you know that if anything were to happen to me, my men here would string you up to the first telegraph post?"

"Possibly, if they could catch and bind me. But you are not ready yet to die yourself, Red Murdoch; not by a jugful. I rather think you will do as I say, and live to work out more deviltry, for such fellows as myself to unravel. Come, now! Get up!"

These last words were uttered in a low, peremptory tone of command. Red Murdoch gasped and his breath came hissingly. For an instant he was tempted to resist, but the pressure of the pistol barrel, and more than all his own knowledge of Denver Dick's unequaled dexterity and courage made him submit, for he knew his own wicked life was at stake.

The two rose up, Gentry keeping slightly to the rear of the other, and steering him by the arm toward another door than the one through which Boulder Ben had been pushed.

Before they reached it their move was noticed by the roysterers at the bar, one of whom sang out:

"Come back, the two of ye! We can't have any backin' down on this spree! Hey, boys!"

"Send them back," whispered Gentry, as he again made Murdoch feel the ready revolver muzzle, pointed straight at his heart, though furtively.

"Stay there, boys," called Murdoch, half paralyzed between rage and a sense of his own impotency. "I must have a private talk with this man."

"Be back in—hic—a minute, m' frien's," added the supposed Pan-Out Pete, in his assumed character. "Bran' new scheme—hic—doodles er mun in it fer all hands."

The passage into which the door opened led upstairs to the room which Denver Dick had selected for his own. It was lighted by a single lamp, contrary to usual custom, a fact which Murdoch noticed and commented upon.

"I suppose you anticipated being in the dark with me," returned the Colorado Sport. "Perhaps that accounts for your readiness to come out, but I am too fly to be taken in, even by you. Forward, my friend."

The boss of Telluride had no option but to obey, and presently found himself facing, in Gentry's room, no less a person than Casey, the landlord, a red-headed Irishman of lively temperament.

It may here be said that, upon Casey's return with Denver Dick's saddlebags, the two had had a conference and come to a mutual understanding in regard to the object of the Denver Sport's visit to this portion of the State, and while Casey, for policy's sake, had seemed to submit to the boss of Telluride, he was at heart bitterly opposed to Red Murdoch and his rule.

"Look here, Casey," said Murdoch, sternly. "It is in your house that I have had to submit to this insult. Do you think you can remain in this town against my wishes?"

"Whist, now, Murdy, me boy," replied Casey, looking uneasily at Denver Dick, "d'ye think I can plaze ye both?"

"So you have concluded to please Gentry? Very well. Gentry will leave here presently, but I will remain. Do you know what that means to you, Dan Casey? Show me the man that in the last two years has opposed me in these parts and prospered."

"Put it to him straight, Dan," said Denver Dick. "When I leave Telluride it is little cause you will have to fear Doss Hawkins."

"Don't be too sure of that," replied Murdoch, who had been edging toward the one window of the room, which, though in the second story, opened upon the roof of a one-story shed room. "Dick Gentry has not got me yet."

As he spoke he took a flying plunge through the window, carrying the sash and splintered glass with him in his descent. It was a daring deed, notwithstanding that Gentry had somewhat relaxed his vigilance on locking the door.

Scarcely had Murdoch's form crashed through, than the Colorado Sport sprang after with the same degree of recklessness and even greater agility; so that by the time Murdoch struck the sloping roof of the shed room the other was upon him and the two rolled down the smooth declivity, gripping each other in their swift descent.

"Faix!" shouted Casey. "Look out bechune ye for the ould mine shaft. The coverin' is rotten, bedad!"

Whether Murdoch, bruised by broken glass, heard these words is not known, but Denver Dick did, and as he approached the eaves his quick mind was on the alert to save himself and at the same time retain a hold upon his prisoner.

Fortunately a protruding flue of earthenware came through the roof, and the Denver man threw out one long arm, clinching it tightly, while their momentum swung their bodies partially over the edge.

With his other hand, Denver Dick clung to Murdoch, whose body being lowest was almost entirely suspended, being held up only by the Sport's grip upon his clothing. Gentry felt that Murdoch was trying to get loose, and he held on the harder though the strain was tremendous.

"Sthick to it till I t'row yez a rope!" shouted Casey.

"Let me go, you dog!" ordered Murdoch. "I have my knife."

"There's an old mine shaft under you," retorted the other, "Help me to pull you up."

Just then Gentry felt the cold steel of a knife blade severing the cloth where his left hand maintained its grip on Murdoch's collar. The weight that had taxed his strength vanished and he heard the man's body go crashing through some obstruction below.

A cry followed and all was silent.

"Are both av thim kilt intirely?" asked the innkeeper, anxiously.

"Only wan av us," replied the Sport, mimicking Casey, despite the anxieties of the moment. "Prisintly it will be two."

As far as Denver Dick could discern, Murdoch had brought upon himself the very catastrophe against which Casey had uttered a warning.

(Continued on page eleven.)

"SUMMER FOOD"

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BY CONSTANCE BEATRICE WILLARD.

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CHAPTER VII.

The billiard room was crowded the night following, the soft click of the balls mingling with the excited voices of the players, while the soft, blue smoke from fifty or more cigars filled the room. At the table nearest the door the game was an exciting one, both players being skilful and well-matched, although Wickersham was regarded as a cooler shot than Melbourne.

As the two men bent their heads over the green cloth for the shot which was to decide the game, the interest manifested by the onlookers was intense, several players deserting their game to join the crowd around the table. With careful aim, Melbourne poised his cue, but, just as it touched the ball, he gave a start which destroyed his shot and gave his opponent the game.

Throwing down his cue, Melbourne went to the sideboard and pouring out a glass of raw whisky, drained it to the dregs, saying:

"I believe that the grip is getting hold of me again. I never had my hand serve me like that before. Tomorrow night, Hal, I'll ask you to give me my revenge, but just now I am rather out of sorts."

"All right. Any time. That Russ coming?"

"Yes," answered one of the crowd.

"Crabbed lately. Something troubling him, I guess. Worse than ever since banquet," continued Wickersham.

"That's no dream," Melbourne put in, leaning up against one of the tables and puffing contentedly at his cigar.

"Seen Frank since the banquet?"

"Haven't. How about you?" turning to Wickersham.

"Same here. What's up?"

"Suppose Frank would go off on a bat?" asked one worthy who was sitting on the corner of a table.

"No; Frank never dallied with the flowing bowl to any great extent, to my knowledge."

"Didn't see him at ball. On reception committee, too," chimed in Wickersham.

"Miss Campbell was there all right," suggested Melbourne.

"So was Miss Stoneborough, the fairy Elizabeth, eh, Forest?" said one of his associates, with a sly wink at the others.

"Mighty fine girl, just the same," Melbourne answered, with a little grimace.

"Especially when brother-in-law backs her for the home stretch, eh?"

"Say, cut this nonsense. We were talking about Frank Welden," said Melbourne, half laughing, but looking somewhat provoked.

"Did Miss Campbell know where he was?" asked one of the youth, who had hovered about Ada the night before, of another.

"Couldn't find out. Mighty pretty girl she is."

"She is undoubtedly a very nice girl, for myself I would like some one with more ginger and go to her," drawled the first youth, but their conversation was overheard by Melbourne, who said, hastily:

"When you find a real nice girl be thankful for her. These go and ginger girls are all right enough for a change, but they are apt to sting if roughly used," and his under lip contracted curiously.

"Speaking from experience?" asked one of the older members, a lawyer, Mr. Helms by name, who had strayed up to the group.

"All have some experience. Russ is having his now," laughed Wickersham, flicking the ashes off his cigar, replacing the weed in his mouth, and standing in the middle of the floor, his legs planted far apart and his hands in his pockets, a favorite attitude.

"Yes; so I heard," assented Melbourne. "Found out the girl?"

"We all knew it from the first," spoke up another member of the club from the other end of the room. "And considering who it is, I think Frank must have been half slewed to have brought her into the matter."

"Who?" asked Melbourne, looking interested.

As he asked, several of the men looked warning at the speaker, but before the words could be checked he replied, carelessly:

"Mrs. Tanquer, of course."

Melbourne sprang forward toward the speaker, crying:

"It's a damned infernal lie, and you know it," when he was caught by the arms and Wickersham said, hastily:

"Pull up. No more scandals."

"But the infamy, the hellish indignity, the——"

"No harm was meant, I assure you, Mr. Melbourne," Mr. Helms' quiet voice broke in.

"Indeed not, Forest," ventured the man who had stirred up the trouble. "We all understand the whole thing. Russell is one of those good-hearted fellows, and just because your sister——"

"Keep her name off your lips or I'll knock it down your throat," broke in Melbourne, furiously.

"Stop here. We're all her friends. She's all right. So's Russ. If he admires her, all the worse for him," and Wickersham looked very determined.

"Mr. Melbourne, as I understand the matter," continued Mr. Helms, judicially, "Mr. Welden is a man of too much honor to bring a shadow of blame upon the head of your sister. That he admired, there is no doubt, but all do that who know the lady, and we are all her reverent friends."

"But I'll not have every——"

"Mr. Melbourne, to say any more is but to prolong a painful discussion," suggested Mr. Helms, and, acting upon this advice, the former walked out of the room, accompanied by Wickersham, who dreaded another quarrel within the precincts of the club.

The two entered the library, and there found Russell sitting in a darkened corner, his hand supporting his head, his blue eyes staring into vacancy.

Slipping up behind him, Wickersham laid his hand upon his shoulder, saying, earnestly:

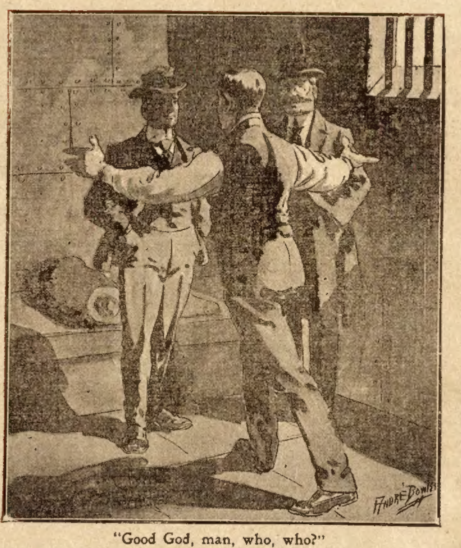
"What's the matter, old man? You act like a Death's Head at a feast. Help you out any way?"

Wickersham was thoroughly unprepared for the ferocious manner in which Welden turned upon him.

"God sake, Wickersham, can't a fellow be allowed to be alone a few moments to think? You act like an old woman with a sick grandchild." Then the mood, quickly passing, he turned and said, with his old, pleasant smile:

"Forgive me, Wickersham. I think I must be getting a little sick, I'm so crusty."

"Yes; heart sick," Wickersham laughingly suggested, as he warmly grasped Russell, but as he noted the heavy frowns gathering on each man's brow, he continued, hastily:



"Good God, man, who, who?"

"Poker tonight?"

"What's that?" cried Melbourne, as a slight scuffle was heard outside.

"Some one to see Mr. Welden, Mr. Russell Welden," announced the bell boy.

"Here I am, what is wanted of me?" Russell asked, coming forward, his strong, well-knit young figure standing out against the light background of the wall.

"May I have a moment's private conversation with you?"

"Certainly," Russell answered, politely, and Wickersham and Melbourne promptly left the room.

As Wickersham passed into the hall, one of the bell boys caught him by the arm.

"That guy in there with his nibs is a fly cop."

"Possibly. Welden is a lawyer," Wickersham returned, smiling, and he and Melbourne rejoined the others in the smoking room.

"Mr. Welden, I have a warrant for your arrest."

"On what charge?"

"On the very serious charge of being suspected of the murder of your cousin, Frank Welden."

"Frank, murdered Impossible!"

"Not only possible, but I have the unpleasant duty of taking you into custody.'"

"Let me see your authority."

With a motion so quick that the eye could scarcely follow it, he produced a warrant issued in the name of the Commonwealth of Illinois. A rapid glance assured Russell that everything was straight and regular. The detective's cool eyes looked into his, as he said:

"Is it necessary for me to read it here, Mr. Welden?"

"No," said Russell, in a low voice. "You need not go through that formality. I will accompany you without any trouble."

"Very well," answered the detective, as he slipped his right hand into the pocket of his coat, and motioned Russell to precede him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wickersham, Melbourne, Mr. Helms and a dozen or more of the members of the club, were still in the smoking room, the same evening of Russell's arrest, when Mr. Tanquer entered, a very grave expression on his usually genial face. He threw himself into an easy chair, relit his cigar, which had gone out, and looked about him at the pleasant faces of those whom both he and Russell Welden called friends.

"Gentlemen, I have a communication to make to you that will startle you, not only in that it concerns this club, but a very prominent member in it." Every eye was riveted upon the president by this time, and Melbourne asked, quickly:

"Who are you talking about?"

Mr. Tanquer ignored the question, but looking calmly from one member to the other to be sure that he had gained their undivided attention, continued:

"That member is Russell Welden, in whom we have always placed the utmost confidence, who has enjoyed our esteem and companionship. This man at the present moment is occupying a cell at the Central Station as a murder suspect, charged with the murder of his cousin, Frank Welden."

A silence which was impressive, ensued, broken by a gasping breath as Wickersham sprang to his feet, and raising his clenched fist aloft, while his diminutive figure was almost imposing, thundered forth:

"It's a hellish lie. Russell Welden could not be guilty of such a deed. I for one will never believe it."

"How do they know Frank is murdered?" asked Melbourne, leaning forward, his lower lip twitching.

Mr. Tanquer quietly turned his eyes toward him and replied, in his calm, even voice:

"Because I told the authorities."

"You told the authorities, you told the authorities," came from several of the members. "How did you know?"

By this time every member present had gathered in the smoking room, where in their midst sat the dignified president, his usually pleasant face grave and worn, and his manner showing his appreciation of the seriousness of the situation.

"How did I know?" asked Mr. Tanquer, sternly, sweeping his eyes over the troubled faces of the clubmen. "This is how I know:

"Yesterday's papers contained an account of the finding of a body at the mouth of the river. Like many others, I passed it over carelessly, but there were more details this evening, and one of them caught my eyes, although I seldom read such accounts. The body was clothed in evening dress and bore the number 3713."

Wickersham was listening as though he could not take his eyes from the president's face. Melbourne sat, leaning forward, his face flushed, and his hand over the twitching lower lip. The horror they all felt was reflected in the faces about the room, but not a sound was heard as Mr. Tanquer continued:

"Several weeks ago I met Frank Welden while on the way to order a new dress suit. He was complaining of his tailor, and I recommended mine. As a result of our little chat, he went with me and placed his order. The suits were finished, and I received mine the day of the fatal banquet, as he told me he had done. Mine bore the number 3712 and his the number 3713. My tailor always numbers his suits in succession.

"As soon as I saw that number, I went immediately to the morgue. It was not difficult to recognize the poor boy, although his face was so disfigured that I could not distinguish a single feature."

"How did you recognize him if you could not see his face?" Wickersham asked, hoarsely, pushing nearer and fairly piercing Mr. Tanquer's eyes with his black ones.

"As you would have done if you had been there, my boy. By his general personality; by his beard and mustache; his clothing bearing the name and number of my own tailor; his rings, one bearing the inscription 'F. from A.' His watch containing Miss Campbell's picture. As I looked down on that poor, bruised, discolored face and remembered how bright and happy it had looked when we last saw it, my heart burned hot within my breast, and without a thought of the consequence, I cried:

"'Russell Welden did this!'"

"Excuse me, Mr. Tanquer, that is your opinion," said Mr. Helms, courteously, "but an opinion is not proof."

"True," said Mr, Tanquer, in a more modified voice. "I merely made the utterance upon the spur of the moment, knowing what had passed between the two men."

"That damned banquet again," Wickersham muttered between his teeth.

Mr. Tanquer's ears were very sharp and he heard the words:

"Yes; the banquet again," he said, firmly. "Remembering that the last time I saw Frank he was threatened by Russell, and that some articles he claimed belonged to a sweetheart of the latter's were in his possession.' Melbourne started forward, then sank back in his chair, looking like a thunder cloud, and Mr. Tanquer pursued his story, although the strain of telling it, and accusing one of his most intimate friends of so foul a crime was wearing upon him.

"My thoughts naturally turned to the pocket in which I had seen them placed before my very eyes. Gentlemen, that pocket, over Frank's heart, was torn and stained with blood, and in the bottom of it were two or three brown leaves of a flower and several strands of pale blue silk, but nothing else."

A murmur of assent swept through the crowded room, and muttered words of:

"I saw Frank put them in his pocket myself," "Yes; what he says is true," were heard on every side, even Mr. Helms, that conservative lawyer, could not but be impressed, and stood thoughtfully stroking his chin in silence. Not so Wickersham, however. He stood in a strange attitude, with clenched hands, his eyes sparkling like a wild beast driven at bay, his firm jaw hard set. As he saw the look of conviction settling over the faces of the gathered men, he burst forth:

"I'll not believe it of Russell Welden though ten thousand such flimsy proofs be brought forward. We were all full that night, and men are apt to make little idle threats at such times, if angered. As regards that lady's favors, the least said about that the better. We all know we are treading on dangerous ground there."

Melbourne turned white with anger, and springing forward would have struck the undaunted little Wickersham, had not the stalwart arm of one of the athletes of the club interposed, and held him back. Murmurs of excitement arose, when the clear, steady voice of Mr. Tanquer was heard above the din:

"Gentlemen, let us have no recurrence of any of our previous scenes." He was seconded by Mr. Helms, who suggested that they talk the matter over when they were better informed.

Mr. Tanquer drew himself up to his full height, however, at the suggestion of Mr. Helms, and replied, quietly:

"Mr. Helms, I seldom make any statements which I am not prepared to substantiate, or discuss subjects on which I am not well informed."

Mr. Helms turned to the president with the urbane courtesy for which he was so famous, and replied that he had not questioned for the moment his authenticity, but that he simply desired to aid him in establishing the order which should always prevail among gentlemen, and begged him to continue his account.

"There is little more to tell," replied Mr. Tanquer, in his dignified manner, acknowledging Mr. Helms' courteous speech with an equally courteous bow. "I have known both boys from their infancy. Russell Welden and I have worked shoulder to shoulder to upbuild this club. We have been congenial companions, warm friends, but Frank Welden's father was the first man to give me employment when I landed here forty years ago, and to him I owe all that I am today. No matter who the guilty party might be, I would take this stand. Frank Welden's father is dead, and cannot avenge this cowardly murder, but I am here, and I shall devote my entire energy to punishing the man who has shed another's blood as Russell Welden has done."

Wickersham felt a firm hand upon his shoulder, and held his peace, although the loyal little fellow had hard work controlling his emotions. When Mr. Tanquer paused for breath, Mr. Helms' quiet voice was again heard:

"But, proof, Mr. Tanquer, proof. We sincerely lament the death of Frank Welden, but we must demand proof of the guilt of the other cousin."

"I am coming to that," said Mr. Tanquer. "When Russell was searched at headquarters, as is customary, a small package was found in the breast pocket of his coat. This upon examination proved to be the identical articles that were seen on the night of the disagreement of the two men, namely, a lady's lace-trimmed handkerchief, a dried white carnation, and a pale blue ribbon. The ribbon was matched with the fragments found in Frank's pocket, proved to be the same. The entire package was stiff with blood from the heart of that poor murdered boy. This, gentlemen, is the evidence upon which Russell Welden is held for the coroner's jury."

"To hell you say!" cried Wickersham, in spite of Mr. Helms' restraining hand, and, turning upon him, Mr. Tanquer replied sorrowfully:

"Keep your confidence in your friend, if you can, Wickersham. He will need all the friends he can get, but, for my part, I believe him guilty, and I shall act accordingly," and aside from Wickersham, all the other members agreed with him.

CHAPTER IX.

The coroner having set the time for the inquest upon the body supposed to be that of Francis Welden, at ten o'clock of the morning following the arrest of Russell Welden, that hour found the undertaking rooms of Ingersoll & Company crowded. In addition to the coroner and his jury were a number of witnesses hastily summoned, including several physicians, Mr. Tanquer, Mr. Wickersham, Mr. Helms, Forest Melbourne, and other Clarinet Club members, as well as Miss Ada Campbell, accompanied by her father.

The coroner received the testimony of the workmen who had discovered the body, as well as that of the medical experts, who agreed as to cause of death and discoloration and mutilation. A fact which had escaped Mr. Tanquer the evening before was that a knife, with the initials "R. W." burned on the handle, was found caught in the clothing of the murdered man, and the blade of it corresponded exactly with the wound. The medical experts stated that in their opinion the murdered man had been struck from behind with some heavy instrument, possibly a cane, and then stabbed with the knife presented in evidence. From the condition of the body, it had been in the water for several days, and had evidently been buffeted against various objects in the river, which would account for the almost unrecognizable state of the features.

Mr. Tanquer was the first witness called upon to identify the body, and in his clear, concise manner, he gave his evidence in substance as he had presented it to his fellow members the night before at the club.

After positively identifying the body, clothing, watch and other jewelry, the coroner asked, quietly:

"Do you recognize this article?" producing the knife in question, a long, keen-bladed affair such as sportsmen use, having a safety catch in the back which prevented it closing upon the hand of the user.

Taking the knife in his hands, Mr. Tanquer looked at it carefully, and pointing to a few faint scratches on the blade replied:

"If you examine this under a magnifying glass, I think you will find that there is a date, 1894, etched upon it with nitric acid. A dozen members of our club, while camping that year, had this date placed upon their knives, and Russell Welden was one of that dozen."

The prisoner, who had been sitting quietly looking about the room, without any undue emotion, which was unfavorably commented upon, here rose to his feet and said in a cold, level tone:

"Mr. Coroner, it is unnecessary to waste any more time in identifying that knife. I acknowledge it as my own."

After the excitement following this extraordinary statement was quelled, Mr. Tanquer was followed by Isaac Wolfheimer, the tailor from whom Francis Welden had ordered a suit of clothing as described by Mr. Tanquer in his testimony. In a brief manner, Mr. Wolfheimer conclusively identified the suit upon the body as the one made by him for Francis Welden, submitting his measurements of Mr. Welden to the jury, which corresponded exactly with those of the clothing in question, allowing for the shrinkage.

Following Mr. Wolfheimer were various members of the Clarinet Club, who one and all declared it their firm opinion that the body lying before them was that of Francis Welden, their fellow clubman and intimate friend. The testimony of Miss Campbell was next taken, but as she was in a very hysterical condition, she was simply asked if she identified the body as that of Francis Welden, to which she replied:

"Oh, yes, yes; it is poor Frank," staggered, and would have fallen had not Wickersham, whose dark eyes were watching the black-robed little figure very closely, caught her and carried her from the room, while her father substantiated the testimony already received.

The coroner then recalled several of the witnesses, and a full account of the altercation the night of the Clarinet Club banquet was given, every detail of the placing of the articles over which the quarrel arose, in the pocket of Francis Welden, being especially dwelt upon.

John D. Helms was the witness under examination, when the coroner asked:

"Did the prisoner utter any threat against the murdered man?"

"To the best of my belief some words were interchanged."

"What were the words as near as you can remember?"

"I feel scarcely competent to answer," was Mr. Helms' firm, but courteous answer.

The coroner looked at his notes for a moment, then asked:

"Did the prisoner threaten that he would have those articles and shut his cousin's mouth if he had to kill him for it?"

"Possibly something of that kind."

"Did Francis Welden reply that he would have to kill him to get possession of them?"

"Frankly, Mr. Coroner, as all of us had more or less indulged in various liquors, I do not feel willing to commit myself with regard to any conversation which might have passed between the two. Certainly at the time none of us attached any importance to it."

The coroner was thoughtful for a moment, then asked, suddenly:

"Which one left the room first?"

"I cannot tell, for I was engaged in conversation with one of the other members, and took no notice of the departure of either gentleman."

Seeing that Mr. Helms had imparted all that he knew, or intended to know, the coroner nodded brusquely, and said:

"Thank you; that will do."

If Mr. Helms was uncertain, with reference to certain details, several other members of the club were equally assured, and an almost verbatim report of the entire proceedings was secured. During the giving of all this evidence, Russell Welden sat in the midst of them, cool, unconcerned, although very pale, and one of the representatives of the press whispered to another:

"Welden's cool enough to hold up a train."

To which the other replied:

"More likely he's cracked, for any sane man would show some emotion, if for nothing else at the death of his cousin, who, I understand, was as near as a brother."

"Who was the woman? This little yellow-haired queen who was tumbling about awhile ago?" asked the first, with the impudence of his calling.

"Well, I guess not," answered the second, lowering his voice. "It's the old guy's wife, Tanquer's wife. You must have been asleep."

"The devil you say," whispered the other, his pencil scratching rapidly on his pad. A fact the second noted, and as they were on rival papers, he said:

"If you're looking for a scoop, you go hunting. Just remember who Tanquer is. He owns half your paper, anyway."

"The hell you say," cried the other as he drew his pencil through his notes.

All further conversation was broken off by the calling forward of the detective who had searched the prisoner at the Central Station the night before.

Giving full details of the arrest of the prisoner, the detective continued:

"The prisoner showed no emotion when I commenced to search him, but when I produced this package," indicating the already famous blood-stained package, containing the handkerchief, carnation and blue ribbon, which had been introduced during the giving of evidence pertaining to the quarrel over these articles, "from his breast pocket, he tried to snatch it from my hand, but failing, he grew deadly pale, and dropped into a chair, muttering:

"'My God, my God! what have I done?'

"Since then he has maintained a stolid indifference. All questions, no matter how skilfully put, have failed to bring forth any further information."

A few more technical questions to the detective, with a litttle corroborative evidence, put the case in the hands of the jury, who almost immediately returned a verdict to the effect that they found the body to be that of Francis Welden, who had met his death at the hands of one Russell Welden, whom they committed to jail to await the action of the grand jury.

As the foreman finished reading the verdict, approval was written on every face, save that of Wickersham and the prisoner, whose handsome features were as expressionless as marble. This stolidity operated greatly against him, and Wickersham trembled as he heard the conversation relative to the accused, fearing violence might be attempted. Realizing the difficult task before him in clearing his friend from this terrible charge, he decided to begin action at once, and stepping up to Mr. Helms as he was leaving the rooom, and linking his arm within that of the elder man, said, decidedly:

"A word with you. Come up to my office."

This exceedingly interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Any one desiring to subscribe regularly for the paper will be sent a camera or patterns free, as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Pointed Paragraphs.

A man's temper improves with disuse.

A well wisher is one who invents his coin in oil lands.

The will of the people disinherits a good many candidates.

Eve's fondness for apples was a mighty good thing for tailors and dressmakers.

The labor question will never be solved until the necessity for work is eliminated.

A wise man doesn't believe all he hears, and a fool believes a good many things he doesn't hear.

The Man Beautiful.

By Si Holler.

The papers are full of beauty hints for the women, but the men, poor things, are neglected.

Masculinity must struggle through life in all its hideosity because no one has come forth to tell it how to spruce up and look like a daisy all covered with dew.

Having had some experience in preserving my own handsomeness, I have decided to throw myself into the breach and begin a series of beauty talks for men. They will be eminently practical and will prove an invaluable aid to the male sex of whatever condition or station in life.

Every man owes it to himself to look well. He must do the best he can with what nature has given and I can see no reason under the shining heaven why he should not avail himself of any adjuncts that will help him to appear more beautiful and more artistic.

Of course, there must be some foundation for beauty. If a man looks like a comic picture he can do little else than accentuate his comical qualities, thus being able to afford those who look at him a great deal of exquisite pleasure. I have seen men who were so abominably homely that they could not look into the mirror without laughter at themselves.

My advice is for every man to study his complexion, his build and his features, and then proceed to dress himself accordingly. If he is tall he should wear things to make him look taller. If short let him make his shortness apparent by other means than those of displaying an empty purse.

Let everything be in the closest harmony. A man with an Irish cast of countenance should always wear green. Let the Teutonic appear in beer-colored clothing, with white linen, the latter typifying the foam on the well-known beverage. A Chinaman might well take to mouse color for a favorite hue, and banana color is first rate for an Italian.

In my next article I will take up the care of whiskers and will tell you how to trim them and care for them.

Let your beards grow and subscribe for the Joyful Pessimist.

This Boy won a $25.00 Prize selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST YOU can do the same

HE IS the "Champion Boy" of the State of Washington. His name is Harry Ireland. The smile on his face is due to the fact that he had in his pocket a check for $25 from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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He who dives to the bottom of pleasure brings up more gravel than pearls.

The man who would be famous has to keep at it twenty-four hours a day.

Tenderness is all right in its way, but it is seldom weighed out by the butcher.

It is strange that a bad reputation is not as easily lost as a good one.

The other man thinks he could run your business just as well as you think you could run his.

As soon as a preacher begins telling the truth about some things he is called sensational.

If a man finds out that the women consider him a good catch it is apt to make him too fly.

The man who has the least character is the one who is constantly trying to have it vindicated.

It is also comforting to reflect that President Roosevelt has never shown a liking for whitewash.

A man might as well make a fool of himself over a woman as let her make one of him in the long run.

From the way Eve bossed Adam around one would think his backbone had been utilized in constructing her.

The vice-presidency is not so bad, after all, considering that it is only a thinking part. It pays $8,000 a year.

Ignorance of the law is no excuse. Knowledge of the law is what helps men to break it and not be caught.

Some men stick to a thing like a postage stamp—all the better after being licked into a realization of what is expected of them.

No doubt it was on the theory of business before pleasure that a Mississippi mob postponed a ball game to participate in a lynching.

If they were called the beering places rather than the watering places perhaps they would have more attractions for the horrid men.

The LaCrosse weather man who attributes crime to the weather has made no new discovery. It has long been known that certain weather incites spring poetry.

Filthy Lucre;

Or, The Perils of Beauty and Poverty.

By MARO O. ROLFE, Author of "Sadie, the Sewing Girl," "A Working Girl's Fate," "The Battle for Bread," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER XI.

A BRUTAL INTERRUPTION.

Fanny Norton's home consisted of three rooms in a big West Side apartment building, in which her mother was a sub-tenant, occupying a part of the flat of one Mrs. Bedalia O'Flarrity, a woman of five-and-forty, in whose veins ran what she called "the R'yal blood of Oireland," and who made a meagre living over the washtubs in the basements of the residences of some of her more fortunate neighbors.

The little rooms were scantily furnished, but were scrupulously neat and well-ordered. The windows fairly glistened in the sunshine that fell upon them, the floor was speckless, the few dishes in the glass-doored closet shone invitingly, the scanty lace curtains at the street window were newly-starched and ironed—everywhere in that humble home were evidences of taste, refinement and good housekeeping. There were pictures on the walls, some of them landscapes, some flower pieces, some portraits, all tastefully framed and covered with clean and flawless glass. One of the portraits was that of Fanny's dead father, whose untimely removal had brought upon his widow and orphans such struggles and trials as they never would have known had he been spared to care for them. Another frame contained a picture of Mrs. Norton and her husband taken at the time of their marriage, she in her simple yet pathetic bridal robe. Over a bookcase that held a few valuable works, some of them family keepsakes, hung a portrait of a man in the uniform of a Union soldier. It had been taken as long ago as 1862, only a month before the man whom it represented had died on a Southern battlefield. This soldier was Mrs. Norton's father, and his faded picture was one of her most cherished possessions. On a small stand near the book case was a large and well-worn bible fastened with massive steel clasps, from the gilded leaves of which depended an embroidered silken bookmark. This was the family bible of the Nortons, and in it were recorded the dates of the birth, marriage, and death of many Nortons of five generations. It contained the names of Nortons who had come over to America from England in the seventeenth century, of Nortons who had died for liberty in the Revolutionary War, the name of a Norton who had been killed at Buena Vista, and the names of two Nortons who had yielded up their lives in defense of the starry flag in the Civil War. A smaller and older bible in a stained leathern binding that lay on the one just described had been the bible of Paul Alden, Mrs. Norton's great-grandfather in the paternal line, and in it was transcribed in that patriot's own handwriting the record of the Alden family from the day of the Mayflower.

In the midst of these precious reminders of good men and women who had lived and gone to their reward, sat Mrs. Norton on this day of the waning winter, busy with some small repairs of the clothing of Fanny and Bennie. She was of the type of woman most fitly described as "motherly." Her smooth, brown hair, slightly touched with gray, was brushed away from a high and noble forehead, her brown eyes held the light of never-dying love, and as she inclined her tall and graceful form over her slender hands busy with her labor of love, working and singing as she worked, she presented an appearance of elegance that was accentuated by her almost pitiful surroundings. Any one would have called her a lady at the first glance, and her lovableness impressed all who came in contact with her. Even Mrs. Bedalia O'Flarrity, who had little time for compliments, often referred to the ladies for whom she washed, that "Poor and be darned to ye, Mrs. Norton is the foinest grand lady av yez all, wid no airs at all av her own, thot can t'ach ye all more style in a minit than ye cud larn on the Grand boolevarday in a wake of Christmases, so she cud."

Mrs. Norton was singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee,' 'in a manner that would have done credit to many a well-paid choir singer, and the beautiful hymn was not less effective because she sang it in a low, subdued tone that scarcely passed through the doors of her little rooms. As she sang and sewed and sewed and sang, thinking of Fanny and Bennie, as your mother and mine have sung and sewed and sewed and sung as they thought of you and me, she listened eagerly, but with no show of impatience to every footfall on the stairs and in the little hallway before her door. She was expecting Bennie.

The lad had long sought some suitable employment, but he had not been fortunate in his quest. He had been accepted at two places. At one of them the work was too heavy for one of his years and he had been obliged to abandon it after a brief and manful trial of it. His other employer proved to be a drunkard, who was in some questionable business, and whose office was frequented by men of his own stripe, who spent hours there, drinking and gambling. That man's money had been to Bennie what the lad's mother had taught him to regard as filthy lucre, and she had told him to accept no more of it. Today he had gone to the office of a lawyer in Dearborn street, who had written him, replying to his business-like response to an advertisement, asking him to confer with him concerning employment as an office boy.

"Oh, Bennie, dear," whispered the mother between bars of her hymn, "I hope you will be successful this time. I don't want you to have so many discouragements, just now, when you so much need to be cheered at the outset of your journey over the rough road of life. I wish you success this time, my boy, and I pray that God may give it to you."

In half an hour Bennie came running in, his eyes shining, his face beaming, and his mother knew that he had found a good place at last.

"You don't have to tell me, Bennie," she said, kissing him. "I know you have secured a good place and that you think it is just what you have been looking for."

"Yes; I have, Ma," cried Bennie, as he tossed his cap on a convenient chair. "I've got a place with the nicest man. He's a lawyer and he wears a tall silk hat like Elder Smead used to at Altmead. Besides, he's a real gentleman, and he's going to pay me four dollars a week and my work won't be hard at all, and he's going to let me practice on his typewriter an' says sometimes I may go to court, and that I may read law out of his books any time when I don't have to tend to business. Ain't he a dandy, ma?"

"I hope not, Bennie," replied Mrs. Norton, laughing. "I shouldn't want you to be shut up in a little office all day every day with a dandy."

"Well, Ma, there's two kinds of dandies—dandies and dandy-dudes. This man is a real dandy, not the silly kind, and his office isn't so very small, either; why, he's got two rooms, and one of 'em's got 'Private' on the door."

"What is the gentleman's name, Bennie? How old is he?"

"Percival Selkirk," said Bennie. "He's twenty-six."

"Quite an aristocratic name."

"And it fits him, Ma. He's tony-looking and his silk hat isn't all of his outfit that's worth mentioning. He wears a diamond that makes me wink when I look at it, and a long overcoat that's lined with silk clear to the bottom of the tails. He's got more'n five hundred big law books with yellow leather covers an' some of 'em's got his father's name in 'em. It seems his father was a senator and his name was the Honorable Beverly Selkirk. This young Mr. Selkirk lives on the Lake Shore Drive, a regular millionaires' street, and he isn't married."

"Well, you know a good deal about your future employer, Bennie. Did Mr. Selkirk tell you all that?"

"No; I wouldn't ask him. I asked him for references, though, and he sent me to two big lawyers' offices in the Monadnock Building. There I learned that Mr. Selkirk is the real thing, and that no boy could have a better beginning in Chicago than in his office."

Mrs. Norton laughed. Then she asked, curiously:

"What did he say when you asked him for references?"

"He grinned and said I was right—I ought to know what kind of a man I was going in with. I thought so, too, when I remembered that bum and his crowd. Ain't you glad? Ain't you glad I'm going to do so well?"

"I thank God, my son, that our troubles are passing away and that peace and prosperity seem to be before us."

She drew the boy to her bosom and kissed him tenderly, and as she did so there was a sound of heavy footfalls in the hall, outside the door.

Before Mrs. Norton could spring to her feet, the door was rudely pushed open and a burly policeman stalked unbidden into the room. He was followed by another man of disgusting appearance, who waved a piece of paper before Mrs. Norton's face and shouted, gruffly:

"I've the warrant, ma'am, fer the arrist av Miss Fanny Norton. She be charged with st'alin'. Is she hidin' here? Don't thry to decave me. Oi ripresint the law."

CHAPTER XII.

SHAMEFUL VANDALISM.

"Who are you?" asked Mrs. Norton, in alarm.

"Me name is Hagins—Robustus Hagins, ma'am."

"And you are an officer of the law? Is that what you mean?" The startled woman clutched a chair and stood unsteadily as she looked at the intruders in blank questioning. "Tell me. I do not understand."

"I am a constable. My fri'nd here is Policeman McShane. I have the warrant. Where is yer gurrul?"

"Fanny? My Fanny? Surely, you would not arrest her. She cannot be guilty of any crime. There is some mistake."

"There's no mistake unless it's the gurrul herself that has made it. Where is she? Have you hid her?"

"She is not here."

"Woman, don't lie to me, fer 'twill do yez no good."

"Please be more polite. I am telling the truth. My daughter has not been here since she left for the store this morning."

"She's hidin' here somewheres," said the policeman. "Don't let 'er fool yez, me b'y."

"She shall not. I'll turn the place wrong-side out but I'll find her. Ma'am, we'll have to s'arch yer rooms."

"You can see in all of them. A glance will convince you that my daughter isn't here," replied Mrs. Norton.

They entered each of the two other rooms, looked behind doors and clothing, and at length began to pull the beds to pieces.

"What are you doing?"

It was Bennie who spoke. Till now he had been speechless from surprise. Now he advanced toward the constable, threatening that officer with a mop-stick.

"It's lookin' for a thafe, I am," answered Hagins. "Be careful, me bye, how yez resist an officer. I cud have yez jugged fer that dimonstration. How'd yez loike to go down to Jolietta fer twinty or thirty years?"

"My sister isn't a thief. If you say she is, you're a liar," declared Bennie. "You have no right to come in here and rip our house all to pieces."

"I have the papers," yelled Hagins, "to s'arch here fer a thafe an' stolen goods. That's all there is to that. Now, me b'ye, climb down offn' yer high hoss or ye'll have more throuble in a minute than ye've had in all yer life. Forewarned is forearmed, me fresh young feller."

"If I get this mop-handle working on your head, you will be apt to think I'm eight-armed," said Bennie, savagely. "Now, I want you two ruffians to get right out of here, or it will be the worse for you."

"Bennie!" admonished Mrs. Norton, fearful that the constable would lay rough hands on the boy and seeking to control him. "Oh, Bennie! Bennie!"

She was too late. Hagins laid the brave boy low with a brutal blow that cut a deep gash on his temple and rendered him unconscious.

"Oh, Bennie! Bennie! Bennie!" the distracted mother kept repeating, as she got down beside her boy and tried to restore him to consciousness.

Hagins scowled at her fiercely.

"That's it, old gurrul!" he yelled, shaking a brawny fist at her. "It's good fer ye, fer it'll kape yez busy a little bit till we s'arch the place. Now, if ye interfere I'll slug yez as I did the kid. You hear that?"

Mrs. Norton heard, but made no reply. This was her first experience with a Chicago constable; she had not lived in the city long enough to have read much of the doings of such officials, and she was filled with consternation when she saw Constable Hagins and Policeman McShane hurriedly pulling the drawers from a dressing-case and a chiffonier and emptying their contents on the floor. It did not take them long to do this, and then, as she came from the kitchen with a cup of water with which she hoped to revive the still unconscious Bennie, she saw Hagins seize a hatchet and begin the work of chopping the lid off a trunk. At the same instant Policeman McShane drew a large clasp knife from his pocket and with it cut a long gash in the center of her only piece of carpet; then, seizing the carpet by the cut edges, he quickly stripped it from the floor and began to poke around among the pieces of newspaper that had been spread under it, as if in search of something. While she watched Bennie slowly revive, the half-dazed woman saw them rip open and demolish many other articles that were valuable to her. At length, when Bennie sat up and gazed wonderingly about him, she struggled to her feet and advanced toward the vandals, holding her hands out pleadingly.

"For heaven's sake," she besought them, "do not destroy all our poor belongings. There is nothing here that is not our own, but I am willing to help you search anywhere. Let me help you, and please do not break up anything else. What do you want to look into next?"

"We have our own way o' doin' our duty," growled Hagins, "and I'm afraid your kind o' help wouldn't do us much good. Stand back and give us room, or it will be the worse for yez. If thim stolen things is here we're goin' to find 'em, and don't yez let the cogs o' yer mem'ry slip when it comes to that."

"Brutes!" she cried. "Is there no protection for me?"

By this time Bennie had got on his feet. He staggered forward to his mother's side just as Hagins seized his father's portrait, and, wrenching it from its place on the wall, dash it to the floor and stamp upon it, breaking the glass that covered it and seeming determined to destroy it utterly.

Mrs. Norton could not stand by and see the constable demolish that picture of her dead husband, one of the most sacred of the few dear reminders of the past that remained to her. Clutching Hagins by the arm, she besought him to desist. With the tears streaming down her white and scared face, she prayed that God would move him to spare her that beloved treasure.

The constable pushed her back with resistless force and as she receded from him brought the shattered picture down on her head, which was cut in several places by the broken glass and sharp corners of the frame. Then he rushed at her and felled her to the floor with a blow of his sledge-hammer fist.

She was not stunned, though she was terribly bruised where he had struck her, and she managed to crawl along the floor to a place where he had cast the smashed portrait and possess herself of it. Clutching it in her arms, she turned toward the place where her father's portrait hung, and snatched it from the wall just as Policeman McShane advanced toward it.

Holding the two pictures in her bruised and bleeding hands, and with the blood flowing from the cuts on her head and face, she went staggering toward the door; and Bennie eluded the two brutes who were devastating their home and managed to swing the door open before her, permitting her to pass out and thus escape further assault.

"After 'er!" cried Hagins. "It's in thim picters that some o' the goods is hid. She mustn't git away with 'em."

But Bennie was alert. There was a spring lock on the door, and he got outside and shut it. The officers would be prisoners till they could break the lock. The boy judged that it would not take them long to do that.

He followed his mother down the stairs to the next floor, and on the landing the two met Mrs. Bedalia O'Flarrity, just returned from her day's washing.

"Hooroo!" she bawled. "And is it murthered ye be, Mrs. Norton?"

As well as she could, Mrs. Norton explained to Mrs. O'Flarrity what had occurred in her rooms within the half hour just closed.

"Thim dubs is goin' to have sore throuble wid me!" declared Mrs. O'Flarrity.

CHAPTER XIII.

BOY VERSUS MAN.

As Mrs. Bedalia O'Flarrity reached the landing above, followed by an admiring and expectant crowd of women and children from other flats in the building who had been attracted to the stairway by the unwonted sounds in Mrs. Norton's rooms, Policeman McShane and Constable Hagins kicked Mrs. Norton's door open and came staggering out into the passage.

Mrs. O'Flarrity grappled with Hagins, and before he realized his peril, pushed him headlong down the stairs. Then she turned toward McShane and belabored him with the small and hard end of a broom that she snatched out of the hands of one of her acquaintances in the hall. The policeman was too intent on overtaking Mrs. Norton to stop and show fight and Mrs. O'Flarrity had things pretty much her own way, and followed him, whooping, down the stairs, cudgeling him at every step.

Meanwhile Mrs. Norton and Bennie made their escape to the street and found safety in a small store kept by a woman from whom they bought milk and newspapers.

The two ruffians went hither and thither about the neighborhood, inquiring diligently for Fanny, but finding no trace of her. Then they sat down on the curbstone before the entrance to the building and waited with what patience they might for the girl's arrival.

Mrs. Norton and Bennie, returned to their dismantled home, passed them without salutation. But Hagins followed them into the entrance, and asked roughly:

"Where's thim picters?"

"They're safe," answered Mrs. Norton.

"I want ye to git 'em and bring 'em to me," he said next.

"I shall not do that," was Mrs. Norton's determined answer. "They are sacred family heirlooms and do not in any manner concern you. Your treatment of me and my boy today has been outrageous, and I warn you that if there are any laws that afford protection to widows and orphans I will see you punished for what you have done. I know nothing of any charge against my daughter, except that, whatever it may be, she is innocent."

"We can find out what the law is from Mr. Selkirk," said Bennie. "He will advise us and it won't cost you a cent. I tell you, Ma, we couldn't get better counsel than he will give us."

McShane was now all attention. He had been smiling derisively while Mrs. Norton had been speaking, but when Bennie mentioned the name of his employer the policeman betrayed great interest in what the boy was saying.

"Was yez sp'akin' av Mr. Percival Selkirk, my b'y?" he asked.

"I'm not your boy," answered Bennie, a little viciously. "If I was, I'm thinking that soon I might be hung for killing my daddy. I was speaking of Percival Selkirk all right, if that's what you want to know."

Hagins was now giving close attention to Bennie's words. It was evident that the name of Percival Selkirk was not unknown to him.

"Are yez acquainted with Mr. Selkirk?" he inquired.

"Yes," answered Bennie.

Hagins whistled.

McShane looked at him queerly and jerked his head in a manner that indicated to the constable that the policeman wanted a moment's private conversation with him. Hagins gave a responsive nod.

The two drew off a few feet and Bennie, alert and quick of ear, heard McShane say:

"If the Capt'in's stacked us up ag'in' that man Selkirk he's stood us up to be knocked down. That's a feller that won't stand no sich monkeyin' as this here round any friends o' his'n. I'm likely to git chased off the foorce for this."

"But Shellbarger's back o' this," said Hagins. "I got onto enough about the case to be certain o' that. Ye won't git chased off'n the force if Shellbarger's fer ye. When he makes music, everybody in the First Ward steps it off. See?"

"Yes; but Shellbarger don't know nothin' about me in p'tickler, an' if Selkirk gits after me, Shellbarger an' the Capt'in will stand back an' jist let him ate me up. A scapegoat'll be needed, an' they'll think I'm bein' the means o' lettin' 'em out easy. I'll git the double cross, that's what an' all an' the end av it. Say, Hagins, I'm always sorry when I git mixed up with a constable. A constable's a little too mean fer a bum policeman to thravel wid. I'll wait wid ye an' we'll take the gurrul in when she comes home; but I give ye warnin' I ain't a goin' to do no more dirt to this woman an' kid."

"All right," replied Hagins, "I think yer wise, Mack."

When Bennie was certain that the two officers of the law would not further molest his mother and himself, he followed Mrs. Norton upstairs and into their ruined home, where Mrs. Bedalia O'Flarrity was doing what she could to put the place to rights.

"They're going to wait for Fanny to come home and arrest her," the boy told his mother.

"Cannot we prevent that some way?" asked Mrs. Norton.

"I'll tell yez how to do it," broke in Mrs. O'Flarrity.

"How?" asked Mrs. Norton and Bennie together.

"Well, Bennie, you jist git out by the back way an' go to the ilevated station and watch fer Fanny, an' give 'er warnin' to git away to some safe place. If it's money yez be afther nadin' sure I have plinty av it in me striped hosalettas, otherwise me stockin's."

"A good plan," commented Mrs. Norton. "Thank you, Mrs. O'Flarrity, but I think I have money enough for the present. I'm glad to know where I can get a little in time of need."

"Right in me private bank," said Mrs. O'Flarrity, slightly raising the hem of her skirt. "D'ye mind the knot on me limb three inches above the top av me shoe?" Then she turned toward Bennie. "Go on, lad," she said, "fer Miss Fanny may come any minit an' run right into the grip o' thim spalpanes. Down the back stairs, mind, an' over to the station. There it'll be up to yez to watch."

"I'm off!" shouted Bennie. "You take care o' Ma, Mrs. O'Flarrity. Those toughs struck her and she was cut by the glass and bruised by the sharp corners of the frame. She may need fixing up a little."

Tightly clutching a bill that his mother had put into his hand, the boy ran from the room, and Mrs. O'Flarrity turned her attention to Mrs. Norton's wounds.

When Bennie climbed the stairs to the elevated station nearest to the Norton home he saw, with dismay, that Constable Hagins was there before him, and the boy had no doubt that Officer McShane was watching for Fanny at the entrance to the flat building.

Bennie dodged behind a tall penny-in-the-slot weighing machine. He was confident that Hagins had not seen him. Thus hidden, he waited and watched for his sister.

He reasoned that she would not come at the usual time and that, if he was not to look for her then, the hour of her arrival must be very uncertain. She might come on the first train or the next; perhaps hours would pass before she would come. If Constable Hagins waited, Bennie would wait.

Train after train stopped, but Fannie did not put in her appearance.

From his place of hiding Bennie could not see Constable Hagins. The boy felt that he must see the officer. He knew that should Fanny come home by some other way and fall into the clutches of Policeman McShane before the entrance to the flat building, Hagins would be relieved from his vigil. As long as the constable remained on the elevated platform, Bennie felt that he could be certain that Fannie had not fallen into the hands of McShane. The lad wriggled around until he could see Hagins, and right by Hagin's side was a boy of the neighborhood named Patsey Pike, who knew Fanny quite well and could point her out to the officer if she should alight from a train. Bennie decided instantly what he would do to Patsey Pike.

After many trains had passed, one stopped that had borne Fanny Norton thus near to her home. Bennie saw his sister inside the foremost car approaching the forward door. It would not do to let her run right into the arms of the constable.

Bennie felt that he must act wisely and that he must act quickly. Keeping behind men and women who were leaving the car and as he believed out of sight of Hagins and Patsey Pike, he reached the platform of the car before Fanny came to the door. Pushing past every one coming out, he stopped her before he thought it possible that Patsey or the constable had seen her.

"Stay on the train, Fanny," he whispered, warningly. "They're watching for you." Fanny would have replied, but he checked her. "You must go on up the line," he added. "Here's money mother sent you. Go anywhere that's safe and stay all night. I'll meet you in front of the Palmer House at exactly nine in the morning and you shall have a lawyer. Good-by."

He ran out of the car and onto the platform, and as the train pulled out, saw Hagins swing himself aboard the car in which Fanny was and pass into it and slam the door shut after him.

For a moment Bennie gazed ruefully after the receding train, then he fell upon Patsey Pike and gave him the drubbing of his life.

Next week another installment of this exciting story will appear in the Ledger. Cameras and patterns free to all subscribers. See announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Throwing Cold Water.

By Kate Thorn.

Some people are always throwing cold water on everything.

One of them will effectually extinguish the most sanguine man in the world.

They go about on purpose to dampen everybody's enjoyment. Their chief happiness consists in making somebody else anxious and foreboding. They are birds of evil omen, always expecting something dreadful is coming. They look for the cholera next year. The smallpox is on the increase. Everybody, almost, is liable to paralysis. They like to read aloud the statistics of death and disease. They like to attend funerals. They frequent cemeteries. They are fond of talking over signs of death and ill luck.

The crops are sure to fail this year, they invariably say. The grasshoppers will be unusually plentiful. The locusts are coming this way. Potatoes will rot, and the wheat will be smutty.

Epizootic will rage; colds will flourish, and colds generally end in consumption, they say they have observed.

The banks are all going to break, and industrial corporations will be forced to the wall six months hence.

The strikes of the trade unions are going to play the devil with business.

Coal will be just as high next winter as last winter, and the poor will die in droves because of the lack of means to keep warm.

The man who likes to throw cold water will stop you in the streets to inquire after your health, and he will tell you that you look just as his friend Simpson did, and Simpson died of apoplexy when he was just about your age. Sick only three hours, and left an inconsolable wife and eight small children.

He says you look bilious, and remarks that his mother had just such a complexion a few days before she was taken down with typhoid fever, and suggests to you the propriety of taking Jenkins' Anti-Bilious Pills, which his brother has for sale.

If you contemplate going on an excursion into the country, he is sure it is going to rain—he never knew clouds like those in the south to fail of bringing wet weather.

If you are going to ride, he will tell you that the roads are in a frightful condition, and the mud up to your ankles. If you are going anywhere on the cars, he will look lugubrious, and inform you that the culverts on the particular route you are to travel by are extremely unsafe, and that the rolling stock is all old, and liable to break an axle at any moment.

If you have any particular friends, and happen to speak in their favor, he will roll up his eyes in pious distress, and sigh, and say that if you only knew what he knows; and then he sighs again, and says, despairingly:

"Well, we are all poor creatures."

And when you insist on being told what he knows, he sighs louder and more dismally than before, and says it is against his principles to say anything to injure anybody, or to make any one feel unhappy.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Wealth and fame are the two most unstable things, yet men pursew them the most untiringly.

The grate trubble with menny smart people in this world iz—they step on themselfs.

Language conceals more than it expresses.

Face the musik, young man, whether yu like the tune or not.

The biggest phools in this world are the laffing phools.

Learning, to a man ov genius, iz like a broadsword in the hands ov a giant.

Every one luvs to be praised, but praize makes a wize man caushus, and a phool kareless.

Printer's ink haz leavened menny a human lump.

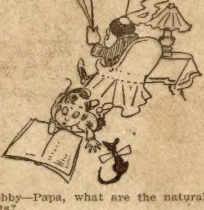
It often requires more bravery to say "No," than it duz to resent an insult.

The quickest way to beat most men in an argument iz to listen and say nothing.

All superstition iz the growth ov fear and ignoranse.

Innosens alone ought to take yu safely thru this life; but, like it duz the lam, it will desert yu the fust lion it meets.

Information.

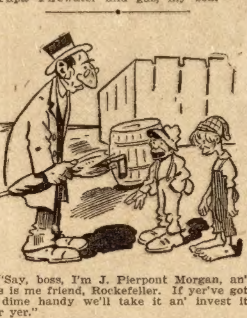


Bobby—Papa, what are the natural elements?

Papa—Fire, water and air, my son.

Bobby—And what's the political elements?

Papa—Firewater and gas, my son.



"Say, boss, I'm J. Pierpont Morgan, an' dis is me friend, Rockefeller. If yer've got a dime handy we'll take it an' invest it fer yer."

Automobiles are displaying so much activity this season that the man who rocks the boat can take a much-needed rest.

DEAFNESS CURED

Louisville Man Originates a Simple Little Device that Instantly Restores the Hearing—Fits Perfectly, Comfortably, and Does Not Show.

190-PAGE BOOK FREE TELLS ALL ABOUT IT

Since the discovery of a Louisville man it is no longer necessary for any deaf person to carry a trumpet, a tube, or any such old-fashioned device, for it is now possible for any one to hear perfectly by a simple invention that fits in the ear and can not be detected. The honor belongs to Mr. George H. Wilson, of Louisville, who was himself deaf, and now hears as well as any one. He calls it Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum, is built on the strictest scientific principles, containing no metal of any kind, and is entirely new in every respect. It is so small that no one can see it, but, nevertheless, it collects all sound waves and diverts them against the drum head, causing you to hear perfectly. It will do this even when the natural ear drums are partially or entirely destroyed, perforated, scarred, relaxed, or thickened. It fits any ear from childhood to old age, and, aside from the fact that it does not show, it never causes the hearer irritation, and can be used with comfort day or night.

It will cure deafness in any person no matter how acquired, whether from catarrh, scarlet fever, typhoid or brain fever, measles, whooping cough, gathering in the ear, shocks from artillery, or through accidents. It not only cures but stays the progress of deafness and all roaring and buzzing noises. It does this in a simple, sure, and scientific way. The effect is immediate.

Let every person who needs this at once send to the company for its 190-page book, which you can have free. It describes and illustrates Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums and contains many bonafide letters from numerous users in the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India. These letters are from people in every station in life—clergymen, physicians, lawyers, merchants, society ladies, etc.—and tell the truth about the benefits to be derived from the use of this wonderful little device; you will find among them the names of people in your own town or state, and you are at liberty to write to any of them you wish and secure their opinion as to the merits of the only scientific ear drums for restoring the hearing to its normal condition.

Write today and it will not be long before you are again hearing. Address for the free book and convincing evidence, Wilson Ear Drum Co., 922 Todd building, Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.

WOULD YOU KNOW YOUR Future? 15 years in one location; 60,000 Life Readings given; Thousands of Testimonials and no complaints, should be proof that my readings are satisfactory. Send 10c and date of birth for a Test Reading. L. THOMSON, DEPT. 70, KANSAS CITY, MO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WANTED Men to learn barber trade; $60.00 monthly guaranteed after few weeks with us. Tools, diplomas, Saturday wages and board given. Write nearest Branch. MOLER BARBER COLLEGE, Chicago, Ills., St. Louis, Mo., New Orleans, La., or Omaha, Neb.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE WINE

We want to send you FREE, costing you absolutely nothing, a trial bottle of "Drake's Palmetto Wine." Drop us a postal and it comes a-humming. You know that 'way back in bible times people took wine "for the stomach's sake." But the modern grape wine is NOT good either for stomach, brain or pocket. "Drake's Palmetto Wine" is vastly different. It comes gushing from the palm-fruit of our own sunny South. It is a superb appetizer, tonic and nerve-bracer. It cleans and purifies the blood and thus feeds brain and brawn. It builds up athletes and nourishes thinkers.

"Drake's Palmetto Wine" is also a natural medicine. It is a wonderful specific for constipation, flatulency and all dyspeptic troubles. It positively heals catarrh of nose, throat, stomach or bowels. It regulates perfectly the liver, kidneys and bladder. For women it is a true godsend. A tablespoon dose daily cures all those troubles. The wine has a rich, appetizing smack and plucks you up instantly.

WE PROVE ALL THIS

By Sending You a Free Trial Bottle on Request.

DRAKE FORMULA CO.,
96 Lake Street, Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

COFFEE SENT HER

Back to the Country.

A young woman of Bradford, Vt., made her way to a good position in a big Boston store and gave it up because of sickness at home, but it all came out right at last and she tells the story this way: "Two years ago I had to leave a position as bookkeeper in a Boston department store to go back home to take charge of the old place as Mother's health seemd shattered, and what do you suppose proved to be the cause that forced me to return?

"I found her very weak, unable to sit up all day and with a dizzy feeling if she tried to move about. She had been advised to stop coffee drinking but as she had used it from childhood it seemed as though nothing could take its place. I had settled down to stay at the farm when one day I got to thinking over the situation and concluded to try an experiment. I got a package of Postum Coffee. It was not cooked right the next morning and we were all disappointed. That was because we had tried to make it like coffee. Next morning I had Postum made according to directions and we were all delighted. In a few days you should have seen the change in Mother. Since that time we have never drank coffee and now we all drink Postum twice a day and sometimes three times and think it superior to coffee.

"The change in Mother's health since she quit coffee and took up Postum has been wonderful. She is once more able to take the work again, quite well in fact, with no more weakness and nervousness, no more sour stomach, no more trouble of any kind. To cut a long story short she is now entirely well and I am going back to Boston in a few weeks, thanks to Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ice cold Postum with a dash of lemon is a delightful "cooler" for warm days.

Send for particulars by mail of extension of time on the $7,500.00 cooks contest for 735 money prizes.

Getting Down to Business.

"We are all present, I think," said the chairman of the Billville Literary Society.

"I should think we are," said the secretary. "Haven't we been complimenting and congratulating ourselves for the last half hour. I move we get down to business."

"All right, then," said the chairman, and then he shouted clear across the hall: "Gentlemen, what'll you take?"

A Free Kidney Remedy.
Dr. D. A. Williams, East Hampton, Conn., says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder disease will send him their address he will mail them, free of all cost, some of the remedy they are looking for—the ONE that will cure them.

His Mathematics.

"Like a good many men of genius," said young Mrs. Torkins, complacently, "Charley is very bad at figures."

"I never heard it mentioned before," said the intimate friend.

"I never observed it myself until the other evening. But he doesn't even know the multiplication table. He advances the theory that three fives amount to more than two tens."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind co'ic, 25 cents a bottle.

JOKES AND

A Latter-Day Romance.

Miss Up-to-Date (breathlessly)—Have I arrived in time?

Mr. Adorrer (suitor)—Eh? In time for what?

"I hear that you and Mr. Lovem are going to fight a duel."

"We are."

"And it's about me?"

"It is."

"It must not be."

"One or the other must die. We can't both marry you."

"No; but you can compromise."

"How?"

"Play poker till one or the other gets all the money and then I will marry the winner."

A Dakota Romance.

He—Now that you have obtained your divorce, we can be married at once, can't we?

She—Married at once! Indeed, we won't be married at once, I can just tell you that. For the first time in three years I am a free woman—free as a bird—and I am going to enjoy that freedom for a little while. It's lovely!"

"My goodness! How long?"

"Well, two or three hours, anyway."

The Four C's.

"Here's Mrs. Cadleigh's name in the society column. It says 'Mrs. Charles C. C. Cadleigh will summer at——' "

"For goodness' sake, where did she get the two middle initials?"

"Oh, haven't you heard? She just stuck them in so that her monogram would represent the Four Hundred."

The Retort Juvenile.

"May," said Mrs. Upjohn to her youngest, "you shock me with your rude behavior. You are a perfect tomboy. Why can't you be like your little playmate, Lelia Green? She is genetle, soft-voiced, well-behaved and always ladylike."

"Yes," said May; "but so's her mother."

Business Before Pleasure.

"Sure, Murphy was wrong, an' he knowed he was wrong, an' he owned up loike a little man."

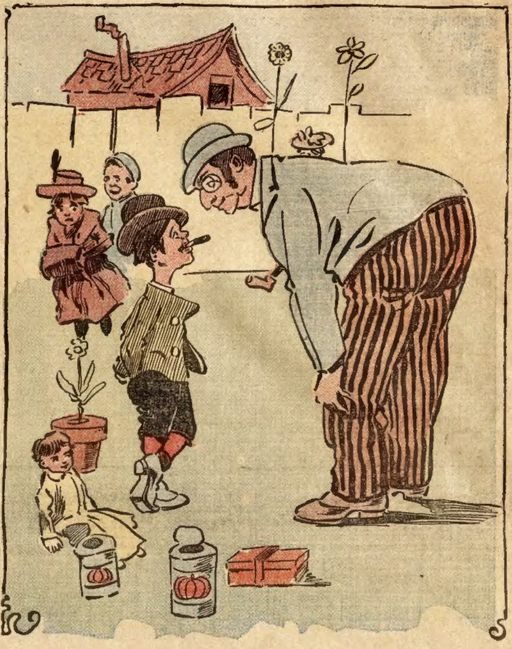
"Did he now?"

"Yis, but he licked the other man fir-st."

All the Essentials.

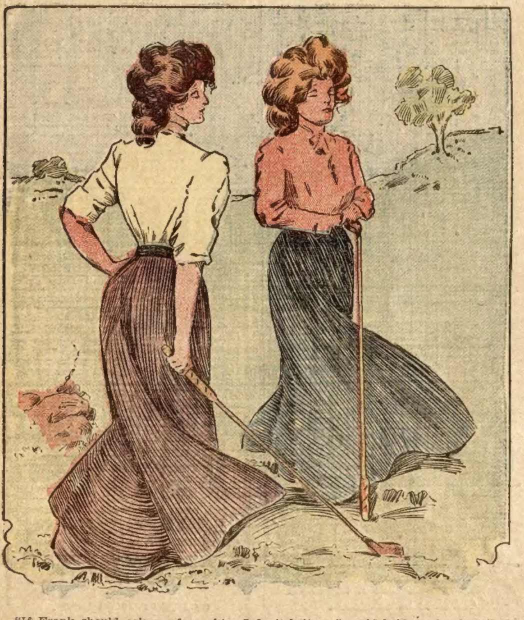
"Was she happily married?"

"Very! Why, her trousseau alone cost over six thousand dollars!"



"What's going on here, little boy?"
"W'y, de belle of Hogan's alley is a marryin' of Jimmie Dolley."
"But you seem to be the most important person around here."
"Sure. I'm the detecktive what's guardin' the weddin' presents."

LEAVE IT TO HIM.



"If Frank should ask me for a kiss I don't believe I could hold my head up."
"Don't you worry about that. Frank will hold it up for you if he knows his business."

The Burden He Would Bear.

Uncle George—You are always wishing that you were rich. Don't you know that riches are really a burden to the man who has them?

Harry—That's just it. I want some sort of a burden to try my endurance and make me a better man; and I don't think of anything that fills the bill better than money, and lots of it.

No Late Hours There.

Guest—What possessed you to move way off here to the extreme edge of the city?

Host—The trolley cars stop running at 10 p. m.

Guest—What of that?

Host—Wait till you see my pretty daughters.

Not at Home.

Mrs. Crimps—I wish to see Professor Salmagundi, the astrologer. I wish to learn if tomorrow will be a lucky day for me to start on a journey?

The Professor's Servant—Very sorry, but the professor is dead. He was killed in a railroad accident.

Politics as a Business.

"Do you think that politics is deteriorating?"

"My dear sir," answered Senator Sorghum, "politics is like every other profession. It's a litttle overcrowded, but any one who really understands his business can make it pay."

His Interest.

Gertrude—You say you've only been there two weeks, and have an interest in the business!

Vansant—Yes; I was two hours late this morning and the boss told me I'd better take some interest in the business in the future.

The Priveledge of Wealth.

Little Girl—Mamma, uncle eats with his knife.

Mamma—Uncle is rich enough to eat with a fire-shovel if he prefers it.

Asking a Good Deal.

Church Usher—Please leave your umbrella in this rack.

Worshiper (dazed)—But this umbrella is a silk one.

The Revolution.

"Well," said the president of the South American Republic, "has the revolution been suppressed?"

"Yesterday's has," replied the Secretary of War, "but the nine o'clock revolution of this morning is still on. We've captured one of the revolutionists, but the other is still at large."

Not Angling.

"Well, there is one thing that can be said of Crawford. Although he went fishing himself on the Sabbath he didn't let his little son fish."

"I am glad to hear that. Was the boy at Sunday school?"

"No; baiting the hooks."

Remedy for Wrinkles.

Managing Editor—Well, what's the trouble?

Assistant—The beauty editor is away and a woman writes to know what to do with a wrinkle in her forehead.

Managing Editor—Tell her to putty it up and forget it.

Easily Accomplished.

"I'd like to be popular out here," said the millionaire from the East."

"Wal, pard," drawled Amber Pete, "if you want the boys to think you are any good you must kill your man."

"That so? All right, I'll have my chauffeur let me run my automobile."

Where the Crowd Would Be.

"Yes; I am going to give a banquet to my club fellows. I want plenty of room at the table, too."

"Is it going to be a stag?"

"Yes."

"Then you would better have plenty of room under the table."

How He Kept It.

Ned—Yes, I've resolved to give up betting and drinking and all——

Fred—Huh! You'll never keep that resolution.

Ned—I'll bet you the drinks I do.

An Effective Substitute.

Johnny—Ma, aren't they using kerosene oil to get rid of the mosquitoes?

Mamma—Yes; I believe so.

Johnny—I wonder why they don't give them castor oil?

At the Dinner Party.

Gunner—What a cold and reserved beauty Miss Beacon is! She preferred to walk into the dining room unescorted.

Guyer—Yes; she reminds us of time and tide.

Gunner—How is that?

Guyer—She waits for no man.

Shameful.

"In some cities," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "they call women who run automobiles 'chauffeuses.'"

"Mercy sakes!" replied her hostess, "you don't tell me! I didn't s'pose they done anything worse than throw stones, unless a person happened to run over somebody."

A Bright Pupil.

This from an adult scholar in a Sunday school in the "Athens" of the United States." He was asked to tell what he knew about Esau.

"Esau is the gentleman that wrote a lot of fables and sold the copyright for a mess of potash."

A Lonely Honeymoon.

"I hear you done got married, Br'er Williams?"

"I sho' did."

"Well, whar' yo' wife?"

"She war' I live at. She didn't mo'n have money nuff ter pay fer de license en sen' me on my honeymoon!"

The Chance.

"He used to kiss me every time we passed through a tunnel before our marriage," said the little woman, with sad reflection.

"And does he do so now?"

"No; he takes a drink."

Gave Him Away.

Larry—Oi thought Mahoole was going to make out he wor' deaf when they wor' after him to go on th' jury?

Denny—He gave himself away. Th' foremon whispered, "Hov' 'a dhrink?" and Mahoole said "Shure!"

Would Be Palatable.

Reginald—Bah jove, that barbah should be more progressive.

Harry—In what way?

Reginald—Well, if he must get that shaving soap in a fellow's mouth he should have it flavohed with vanilla and wintergreen.

Extravagant Carelessness.

Drug Clerk—Great heavens! I gave that man who was in here five minutes ago some of this poison by mistake!

Druggist—How careless of you! That's the most expensive poison we've got in the store!

No Upholstery.

There was a young girl in Bologne
Who was stylish and very good togne;
But a sign of a lover
She ne'er could discover,
For, alas! she was all skin and bogne.

A Dry Joker.

"Funniman has a dry sort of humor."

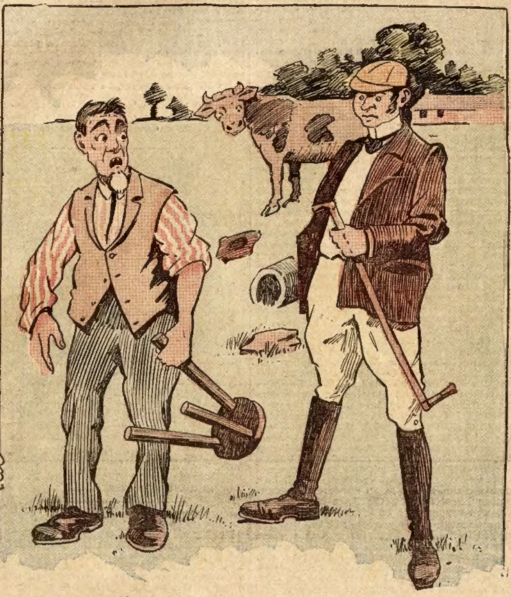
"Yes; his jokes are enough to drive one to drink if that's what you mean."

At St. Louis.

Quinn—Airships will be all the rage soon.

De Fonte—Well, it is nothing unusual for people to fly in a rage.

THE RUSH TO THE COUNTRY.



Farmer—Well, what's the matter now?
Agriculturist from the City—It's like this. The cow refuses to sit on the stool.

Why He Was Sick.

"Were you sick going over to Europe, old chap?"

"Very."

"Confined to your stateroom?"

"No; confined to the poker room. I lost. That's why I was sick."

Comforting Delusion.

Clarice—Clarence, we must compel those lawyers to settle father's estate.

Clarence—Oh, no; as long as they don't settle it we can imagine there's something left of it.

Quite Unlike.

"Why, George, what an enormous pile of letters!" exclaimed the bride of a week. "Billets doux, I suppose?"

"No, my dear," replied the other half of the sketch. "They are bills overdue."

Hard Up.

Higgelty—Poor chap! he's walking on his uppers.

Piggelty—Dear, dear! Can't even call his sole his own!

His Good-Natured Way.

De Broune—Is Fitz-Greane good-natured?

Van Schmidt—Good-natured? Good-natured? Well, I should say so! Why, he laughs at his own jokes!

Not So Reckless.

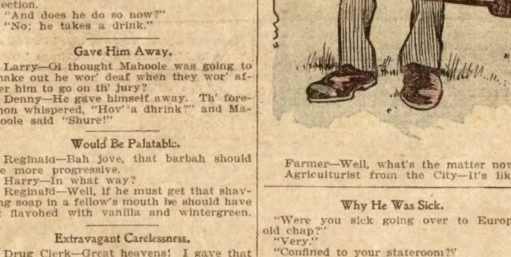
"Do you take this internally?" asked the customer as he put the bottle in his pocket and took his change.

"Me?" said the druggist's new assistant. "Great Scott, no! I sell it."

Your Temper.

If you have a good temper, keep it; if you have a bad one, don't lose it.

MAKING ANTIQUES.



Bug—You seem to be very prosperous nowadays, Mr. Worm.
Mr. Worm—Yes; I am. I have a contract making worm holes for a large antique furniture factory.

AGENTS WANTED

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 831, Detroit, Mich.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BIG MAIL FREE!

POST OFFICE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agents' Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agents' Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

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AGENTS WANTED

FREE GOLD WATCH.

This watch with fully guaranteed American movement, is sent free to any one for selling 20 pieces our jewelry at 10c each. Is equal in appearance to a gold-filled watch, warranted 20 years. No money required. Write today and we shall send jewelry post paid. Return the $2 when sold and you will positively receive the watch. Numerous other premiums, as boy's suits, rifles, revolvers, ladies' watches, hats, shirt waists, tool chests, etc. Address U. S. MFG. CO., Dept. 5, 46 E. VanBuren St. Chicago, Ill.

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LEARN to make Mirrors and make big money at home. Partic. for stamp. MacMasters, D36, Decatur, Ill

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STARK TREES best by Test—78 YEARS. We WANT MORE SALESMEN PAY CASH Weekly Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.

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DETECTIVE Shrewd, reliable man wanted in every locality. Act under orders; no experience necessary. For full particulars write American Detective Ass'n Indianapolis, Ind.

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AGENTS WANTED in every county in the state to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. From $75 to $300 a month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 24 Bar St., Canton, O

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FREE GOLD WATCH

This Watch has American movement fully warranted to keep correct time. The case is Solid Gold Plated, equal in appearance to a Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 years. We give it FREE to Boys and Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the $2 and we will positively send you the watch and chain. ERIE MFG. CO., Dept. 57, Chicago

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BIG PAYING BUSINESS For MEN, WOMEN. Write for names of hundreds of delighted customers. Make $30 to $50 weekly. Do business at home or traveling, all or spare time, selling Gray outfits and doing genuine gold, silver, nickle and metal plating on Watches, Jewelry, Tableware, Bicycles, all metal goods. Heavy plate. No experience, quickly learned. Enormous demand. No toys or humbug. Outfits all sizes. Everything guaranteed. Let us start you. We teach you FREE. Write today. H. GRAY & CO., CINCINNATI, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Special Price Only.... 10c.

PITTSBURGH EGG SEPARATOR

It separates the white of the egg from the yolk without breaking the yolk. Necessary in all cooking where eggs are used. No kitchen complete without one. Price only 10c. for sample.

Agents Wanted. | W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, - Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Rider Agents Wanted in each town to ride and exhibit sample bicycle '03 Models high grade $9 to $15 1901 & '02 Models, best makes $7 to $10 500 2ND - HAND WHEELS all makes and models good as new $3 to $8. Great Factory Clearing Sale. We ship on approval and 10 day's trial without a cent in advance. EARN A BICYCLE taking orders for us. Write at once for bargain list and our wonderful special offer to agents. Tires, equipment, sundries, half price. AUTOMOBILES Bargains in new and second-hand Autos and Motor Cycles. All makes and styles. If interested write for Automobile Catalogue. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Dept. 23 D CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC BILL BOOK! An entertaining and useful article. Can be used as any ordinary pocket book. Sample by mail 10c. AGENTS WANTED. W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

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God Bless You, Dearie!

In the battle's horrid din
  And its horrible commotion,
Soldiers, though they lose or win,
  Breathe a prayer of deep devotion.
So on battlefield of life,
  When with fighting I am weary,
Soft I pray amid the strife,
      "God bless you, dearie!"

When the daily work is done
  And I lie a-thinking, thinking,
Seeking sleep that won't be won,
  While the stars are blinking, blinking;
When I lie abed with Care—
  Care that makes my life so dreary—
Once again I make my prayer,
      "God bless you, dearie!"

Oh, that wishes could come true!—
  That I could remove Death's curtain!
Once again to be with you!—
  That were heaven enough, 'tis certain.
Just to have you all the while!—
  Just to hear you, always cheery,
Say to me, dear, with a smile,
      "God bless you, dearie!"

SHARP CHANGES.

BY CARL BRENT.

The incident which marks the beginning of the present narrative occurred several years ago, when the steamboat Ben Lewis exploded in sight of Cairo. She was, if I remember rightly, a St. Louis and Memphis packet, was on her down trip, and was rounding or crossing the bar at the mouth of the Ohio, when her boiler burst and she was a wreck. Many people were killed outright by the explosion, others were drowned, others lingered in terrible torture until death put an end to their sufferings, and others received severe scalds and various injuries.

I was at Cairo at the time, and shall never forget the heartrending scenes at the St. Charles Hotel, to which most of the wounded were brought, and where they lay on pallets in the rooms and halls, many of them as black as negroes, many with the skin falling from the flesh.

But it is with none of these I have to do. This narrative follows the fortunes of a man who jumped overboard, entirely uninjured, preferring to trust himself to the river rather than to the flames. I choose, for reasons that are personal to him, to call him John H. Seymour, simply because this name is as different as can be from that which rightfully belonged to him. He was originally from Kingston, Canada, his parents being of English birth, but had resided during several years in Alton, Ill., where he had accumulated considerable money in the grocery business; was a bachelor, near forty years of age, and kept house in a cottage of his own, with a rather pretty German girl to do the housework. The mysterious disappearance of the German girl, for which Seymour did not account satisfactorily, occasioned unpleasant comment, and some very serious facts were about to be brought to light, when he suddenly left Alton, having privately disposed of his cottage and his business. It was because of this train of circumstances that he happened to be a passenger on the Ben Lewis at the time of the explosion.

Seymour jumped overboard, as I have stated, and was fortunate enough, when he had got clear of those who were struggling in the water, to find a floating door, which he seized, and which bore him up well, and thus he drifted down the river.

He had not floated far when he discovered that he had a companion. This companion was holding to the door, and might have put in an appearance just then, or might not hitherto have been visible to Seymour. As his face was upraised, Seymour perceived that it had been fearfully scalded. He was unable to speak and appeared to be nearly exhausted. Yet, although he was so hideous, so horribly marred and scarred, Seymour could not help observing in his countenance a certain resemblance to himself. It was then that a strange and sudden thought came to his mind. I am not recording his impressions by means of the imagination, but derive them from statements which he subsequently made.

He recalled the fact that he had been obliged to leave Alton because of discoveries that were about to be made, and because of a crime with which he was about to be charged. It was highly proboble that he might yet be pursued and prosecuted. Suppose he should cause himself to disappear? Suppose that he should so use the explosion that it would prove a providentioal interposition to save him from punishment and annoyance? His companion in the water, disfigured as he was, might easily be mistaken for him in death, and it was evident that he could not live long.

Seymour reflected that he wore upon a finger of his left hand a peculiar and valuable diamond ring, which was well known in Alton, and which had been noticed and admired by many on the boat. If that ring should be found upon a disfigured body, it would settle the question of identity, and he could well efford to give it for the purpose of persuading the public that he was dead.

His resolution taken, he watched his hideous but valuable companion narrowly, waiting for his death; but they drifted for nearly half an hour, and still the other clung to the door. But his strength was failing all the while, and at last Seymour saw his grasp relax, and then he was gone.

He was not permitted to sink; he was too valuable to be lost. Seymour caught him, took a handkerchief from his pocket and made the body fast to a latch that remained on the door. Then his desire was to reach the land, and he tried, by swimming, to push his float in the direction of the Missouri shore, but made little progress in that endeavor. Columbus was passed in the course of time, and the low shore of Wolf Island became visible. This was a landing which Seymour was able to make, and he succeeded in beaching his float upon the sand, where he found himself in an exhausted condition and his burdensome companion quite dead.

He did not wait long to recover his strength, but soon proceeded to "business." Removing the ring from his finger, he placed it on a similar finger of the dead man's hand. Then he felt in his pockets to see if there were anything there by which he might be identified. Finding nothing, he took from his pocket some wetted cards bearing his address, and transferred them to a vest pocket of the other. Finally he dragged the body a little way up on the sand, obliterated the footmarks, and his task was done.

His next object was to reach the mainland, and he succeeded in pushing his float over to the Kentucky shore, where he was cared for and hospitably entertained, as a survivor of the great steamboat disaster. His money and securities were on his person, wet but unmutilated, and he had lost nothing but his trunk and his ring. Thus he passed out of the world as John H. Seymour, re-entering it as Benjamin Sinnot, and read with satisfaction the advertisement for his body and its final recovery and burial.

There was one fact, however, which should have been published, but which did not appear in any newspaper account that came under his notice. Nothing was said about his valuable and noticeable ring, and this omission was quite perplexing to Sinnot, alias Seymour.

This mystery I proceed to solve by explaining that the body on the island was first discovered by a man named Wilson Replette, who had been searching with a skiff for relics of the disaster. He also had seen a description of Seymour, and had recognized the man on the island by the ring on his left hand. His cupidity being too strong for his conscience, he possessed himself of the ring and left the body where he had found it. It was afterward discovered by others and buried as the body of John H. Seymour.

Not long after the Ben Lewis disaster, news came to Canada of the death of an uncle of the supposed dead man, in England. This uncle had been a well-to-do merchant, and his property descended to John H. Seymour and his elder brother, David, their parents being dead. David Seymour was a man of remarkable honesty in purpose and action. As soon as he learned of this unexpected windfall, his first thought was to find his brother, of whom he had heard nothing during many years, and secure to him that portion of the property which was rightfully his. Accordingly, he advertised in a number of newspapers in Canada and the States, telling John H. Seymour that he would hear something to his advantage by communicating with his brother David, at Kingston, and requesting all who might be possessed of any information concerning him to send it to that address.

This notice came under the eye of a gentleman who had known John H. Seymour in Alton, and he wrote to David, informing him that his brother was supposed to have perished in a steamboat disaster on the Mississippi. Further inquiry brought out the particulars of the explosion of the Ben Lewis and of the discovery and burial of what was believed to be the body of John H. Seymour. The evidence to this effect was so convincing that David Seymour was compelled to believe that his brother was dead, and he was preparing to use his share of the property as his own when a claimant put in an appearance, representing himself to be the John H. Seymour who was supposed to be lost.

In pursuance of my purpose not to allow my readers to be mystified, although this phase of the case might be "worked up" in a sensational manner, I proceed to state that this claimant was no other than Wilson Replette, of Kentucky, who had taken the ring from the dead hand of the supposed Seymour.

David Seymour's advertisement came under his notice, and he saw his way pretty clearly toward stepping into a fortune. He had been a careful reader of all the newspaper literature in connection with the Ben Lewis disaster, and was aware that John H. Seymour's peculiar and valuable ring was a very important element in the question of his identification, as its absence from the body that was found created a doubt as to whether John H. Seymour had really died and been buried. It is not at all surprising that he turned his steps toward Canada, with the view of personating John H. Seymour and claiming his share of the property of the English uncle.

First, however, he went to Alton to learn something about the life and character of the man whom he was to represent. He prosecuted his inquiries so as not to excite suspicion, and when he had gained such information as would suit his purpose, went to Kingston and presented himself to David Seymour as his long-lost brother.

David failed to recognize him, as was not surprising after so long a separation, and called for his proofs of identity. Replette was prepared with these, and showed the ring, upon which he chiefly relied to sustain his cause, with newspaper slips describing it minutely, among other distinguishing marks upon the persons of people who were missing after the explosion of the Ben Lewis.

He also had a great deal to relate concerning his life in Illinois, and his experiences in connection with the exploded steamer, but gave no information about the years he had passed in Canada, or about his parents, relatives or friends. This he accounted for by saying that a severe attack of fever, during his residence in Illinois, which had nearly carried him to his grave, had also entirely destroyed his memory of his former life.

David Seymour was almost, but not quite, convinced that this man was really his brother. Before acknowledging him as such, however, he consented, in deference to the advice of his lawyer, to write to Alton, requesting some of the former acquaintances of John H. Seymour to come on to Kingston and identify him.

Some men came to Kingston from Illinois to answer to this request, but not the men who were expected. They were detective officers, provided with a requisition from the Governor of Illinois for the arrest of John H. Seymour on a criminal charge. As this requisition was of no effect in Canada, they decoyed Replette across the river into New York, where he was arrested and taken to Illinois.

When David Seymour discovered that the man whom he almost believed to be his brother had been kidnaped and carried away, he was highly indignant.

He hastened to write to the lawyer at Alton, with whom he had previously communicated, and was getting ready to go to Illinois, when he was confronted by another claimant to the property which his uncle had left.

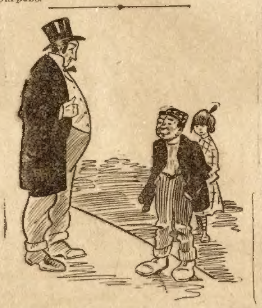
This was no other than John H. Seymour himself. He had been living in Tennessee under the name of Sinnott, and he, as well as Replette, had kept up with the current literature of the Ben Lewis disaster. David Seymour's advertisement had luckily come under his notice, and he saw no reason why he should not go and take possession of his property. Canada was not the United States, and he did not suppose that any search would be made for him, as he was believed to be dead.

He went to Kingston accordingly, and presented himself to his brother, who did not recognize him, as it was so long since they had met, and who told him of the claimant who had lately appeared, wearing the ring that had belonged to John H. Seymour. The real John H. had no means of identifying himself, except by bringing to the remembrance of his brother scenes and incidents and words in connection with their early life which were known only to themselves. This process was successful after a while, the relationship being admitted by David Seymour, and the proof being satisfactory even to his lawyers.

As for Replette, it was soon discovered at Alton that he was not the man he had represented himself to be, and he was set at liberty. He hastened to Kingston, but a letter from Alton had reached David Seymour previous to his arrival and he only experienced a loss, in being forced to give up to John H. Seymour the ring which had played such a prominent part in this little drama.

The Seymours went to England, where they received and divided their property, and where John H. is still living, in spite of extradition laws.

I might have worked up these incidents into a sensational story, but the plain narrative of facts is sufficiently singular to suit my purpose.



"Heavens, boy, why don't you wash your face?"

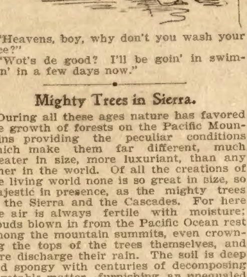
"Wot's de good? I'll be goin' in swimmin' in a few days now."

Mighty Trees in Sierra.

During all these ages nature has favored the growth of forests on the Pacific Mountains providing the peculiar conditions which make them far different, much greater in size, more luxuriant, than any other in the world. Of all the creations of the living world none is so great in size, so majestic in presence, as the mighty trees of the Sierra and the Cascades. For here the air is always fertile with moisture; clouds blown in from the Pacific Ocean rest among the mountain summits, even crowning the tops of the trees themselves, and here discharge their rain. The soil is deep and spongy with centuries of decomposing vegetable matter, furnishing an unequaled nurturing place for vegetation, and there are no extremes of heat in summer or depths of cold in winter, says the Century Magazine.

Every condition has been favorable to unexampled exuberance of growth, not only of the largest trees, but of all manner of undergrowth, vine, shrub and brake. A huge tree falls, decays and is yellowed with thick moss; immediately scores of young firs and cedars spring up along the top of it—the first chance of a bare spot in the wood. Old burned stumps, gathering soil in their hollow interiors, are nurseries for colonies of young trees, some strong individual finally shouldering out the others, growing larger, and, as the mother stump drops away, sending its roots downward into the earth through the disintegrating textures, until it, in time, becomes a great tree.

Not Encouraging.



Accepted Suitor (engagingly)—Johnnie, you know I'm going to marry your sister an——

Johnnie—Aw, don't tell me yer troubles! I'm busy with' my own.

Superstitions.

If two persons raise their glasses to their lips simultaneously they are indicating the return of a friend or relative from foreign parts. The same intimation is conveyed by bubbles in coffee or by the accidental fall of a piece of soap on the floor.

A flickering flame in the fire or an upright excrescence in a burning candle is interpreted as predicting the arrival of a guest, whose stature is judged by the length of the flame or excrescence.

If one drains a glass of the contents of which some on else has partaken he will learn the secrets of the latter.

INSOMNIA

"I have been using Cascarets for Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all they are represented."
Thos. Gillard, Elgin, Ill.

Best For The Bowels
Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe, 10c. 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.
Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. 597
ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

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FAT FOLKS REDUCED 15 lbs a month. No starving; no sickness. Anyone can make remedy at home. Send 4c. for box and particulars. Hall Chemical Co., 227 Box, St. Louis, Mo

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MENDING TISSUE

The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages, 25 cents. Address Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa

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Containing valuable and authentic information about the boundless mineral wealth of Oregon, South Dakota, Washington, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia. Investors should keep posted about the bonanza mining camps in these districts which offer today the greatest investment opportunities.
INVESTORS' MAGAZINE, Spokane, Wash.

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500 SHAVES for 25c.

Without a razor, soap or water by using our famous depilatory stone which removes with ease the strongest beard by simply rubbing it over the face. The wonder of the age. Convenient, Safe, Practical. No preparation needed. Always ready for use. Can be carried in the vest pocket. Will last for years. Soap spoils the skin, sharp razors make ingrowing hairs, keeping the face blotched and sore. The Depilatory Stone prevents these evils. Try one and be convinced. Thousands of them sold every year. Sent postpaid, with full directions for 25 cents. *Agents wanted.* L. H. George & Co., Room I., 80 Dearborn St., Chicago

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Full of bright stories for boys. Departments on Stamps, Photography, Puzzles, Natural Science, Coins, Curios, Mythology, Physical Culture, Education, Athletics, The Crafts, etc. It is the best
Boy's Magazine
32 pages. Lots of pictures. Chock full of good interesting stories for boys. It is now in its 9th year and has a circulation of over 100,000, but we want more subscribers, so we make a special reduced rate for trial subscription, of
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Send 10 cents in silver or stamps. Write your name plainly, and we will enter you as a paid subscriber for 3 months. This reduced rate is for new subscribers only. Address
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Denver Dick's Strategy.

(Continued from page three.)

A thud upon the roof at the Colorado Sport's hand denoted that the innkeeper had found and thrown a rope, but the former did not grasp the proffered aid.

"Look after Miss Bryant," he called to Casey, "I must not lose sight of Murdoch."

He allowed himself to slide downward until he hung at the eaves where, after a long look into the gloom below, he released his hold and shot downward, regardless of Casey's entreaties for him to return.

This thrilling story of Wild West days will be continued next week. Cameras and patterns are given free to all subscribers to the Ledger as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Abigail Silover's Visitors.

BY HATTIE E. BRIGGS.

"There is nothing I dislike any more, my daughter, than to go away from the plac today and leave you and the children alone,' said Farmer Silover, as he disposed of his powder flask and took down his rifle from the side of the kitchen wall.

"Oh! never mind us, Daddy," said Abigail, cheerfully. "Of course it will be lonesome with you and mother both gone, but we'll be safe enough. Don't worry one bit about us."

"I am not so sure about it being safe," replied her father. "The Indians are none too friendly nowadays, and they are getting more restless each week. Even old Nakomis, who has always been on good terms with the settlers, avoided me a day or two ago when I went across the clearing, and I'm afraid it all means trouble to the whites."

"But, father," went on Abigail, "Mr. Grey and all the other neighbors have been so kind when you needed help that you can't stay away today when they are to finish putting up the house with this day's work. You know I'm on pretty good terms with our red neighbors. Why," she added, laughingly, "I can even talk a little Indian."

"Not enough to save you if there was an uprising," I fear," answered the father. "However, it is a comfort to me that you can handle your gun. And in case anything happens, fire it four times and we will be sure to hear it, as the air is very clear and the distance so short through the woods. That is one good thing about our settlement," he added; "the houses are not far apart and we are a protection to one another, if trouble arises."

"Now, Daddy," laughed Abigail, "stop looking for trouble. I have so much to do today You will be home before I'm half ready for you, and now, sir," she said, looking at him narrowly, "what do you suppose we are going to have for supper tonight? I'll give you one guess. You can't? Then I'll tell you. Mush!" she cried, with a merry peal of laughter. "You just forget that we have had that treat every evening for the past seven months, and imagine we are back East, having all kinds of good things."

"Good-by, daughter, don't let the children go outside and play," admonished the father, his heart filled with forebodings as he left his lob cabin and started toward the unfinished home of his neighbor, a quarter of a mile through the forest.

Jonathan Silover, in company with a small party of Easterners, their wives and children, had come into the wilderness of Michigan seven months before this, in the hope of founding homes in what was then the furthest point of the known West. After months of hardship and toil the last house was to be finished on this day, and on the morrow corn was to be planted in the small patches which these brave men had been able to clear.

"Now, children," said the older sister, after watching the father well out of sight, "if you see an Indian coming today, I want you both to hide as fast as your feet will take you. If I see them first," she went on, with her arms about the small brother, "I'll rap on the fireplace three times, and then you are to get out of sight as soon as possible. Don't go out of doors once, for we must stay close together all day." And with a few more instructions she was soon about her work, trying to forget the dangers of hostile Indians

The day wore on, and when the sun indicated that the time was drawing on for the father to return, Abigail got out the kettles, hung them on the crane and put on the water to heat for the mush. The appearance of that article on the table usually called forth some laughing remark from the Eastern-bred girl, who was making a brave effort to be happy in a wilderness. Just as the water commenced to bubble, three sharp blows were struck upon the hearth, and at the same instant the frightened little forms dropped into the hole under the floor, which was reserved for times of such peril, and the loose plank was quietly put into place. The next moment a tall Indian, whose quick eye saw only a young girl quietly dropping handfuls of yellow meal into the boiling water, appeared at the door. A nod was exchanged between the girl and the chieftain, whose entrance was followed by another and another, until six Indians stood in the room, each with painted face and decked in the trappings of war. The silence was unbroken for several minutes, save for the steady movements of the iron spoon, which was grasped in Abigail's quivering fingers. At length Nakomis, who had hitherto held himself friendly toward the whites, advanced a step and said, in a heavy, guttural tone:

"White man home? Nakomis would have speech with him."

Nakomis spoke a little English and had taught Abigail the few Indian words she knew.

"My father," replied the young girl, looking the brave straight in the face, "is not far off. He will be here in a moment. What do you want with him?"

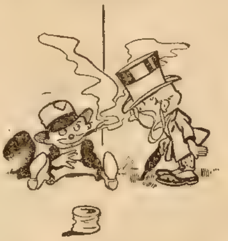
"No tell little white face," returned the man, leering at her; "she 'fraid. She big coward. White man coward. White man go," and he added, wickedly, "I kill him. Injun get all white man's scalp," and going toward the girl, with his cruel eyes upon her face, he laid one hand upon his tomahawk and stretched the other toward her

With a wild cry, born of the desperation of the moment, Abigail Silover raised the spoon filled with boiling mush, and, as the Indian almost had her in his grasp, she dashed it full into his face. As he turned with a howl of rage and pain, she grabbed an iron dipper from its nail at the side of the hearth, filled it with the porridge and flung it at the red man's neck and head as he fled through the door. The other Indians attempted to stop the now infuriated girl, who knew she was fighting for her life, but as each turned toward her he received the scalding mush full in his eyes, and in a few seconds the last one of the six left the door of the cabin, smarting with pain and rage, the contents of the kettle being about evenly distributed over the bodies of the half dozen Chippewas. Later on one was known to have died from the results of his burns

When Jonathan Silover returned to his home, accompanied by his neighbors, in response to the four shots from the rifle, Abigail was lifting her little brothers out of their places of safety, and, as she sank limply into her father's arms, she said, with an attempt at her old gaiety: "Daddy, we can't have any mush for supper."

This incident happened twenty miles from where Detroit now is; and by the spot where the Silover cabin then stood, an electric car sweeps through the country.

Cheap, Too.



"See here. You said when I gave you that quarter that you would take a bath."

"Dat's right, boss. Sun baths is my specialty."

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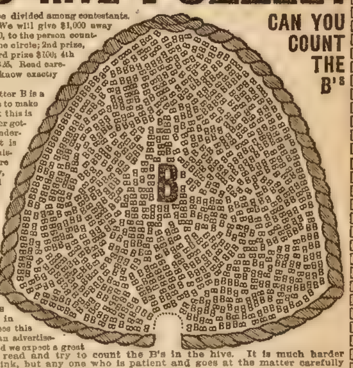
$1000 BEE HIVE PUZZLE!

CAN YOU COUNT THE B'S



Six prizes amounting to $1,000 to be divided among contestants. Not guessing, simply counting. We will give $1,000 away in cash in six prizes, 1st prize, $500, to the person counting the exact number of B's in the circle; 2nd prize, $250 to the next nearest correct; 3rd prize $100; 4th prize $75; 5th prize $50; 6th prize $25. Read carefully the conditions so you will know exactly how to send in your count.

This hive is full of B's. Each letter B is a type and the type is mixed up so as to make the B's hard to count. We think this is the best puzzle contest we have ever gotten up. It is an easy puzzle to understand but a hard one to count. It is simple, so there is no chance for misunderstanding. In case two or more persons should answer correctly, then the $500 will be divided equally among those sending in the correct answer. The other prizes will be treated the same way; that is, if there are two or more entitled to any one prize, then the cash is equally divided. This contest will close on Monday evening, August 31, 1903, at midnight. All answers sent in between now and then will be entitled to compete. This bee hive puzzle is gotten up for the purpose of advertising the WOMAN'S WORLD and making it popular in every home. Every person who sees this bee hive puzzle will know it is an advertisement for the WOMAN'S WORLD, and we expect a great many thousand persons will read and try to count the B's in the hive. It is much harder to count the B's than you think, but any one who is patient and goes at the matter carefully has a good chance to participate in the cash prizes.

It may be that you can win the 2d, 4th or even the 6th prize if you can't count the B's correctly. The publishers of the WOMAN'S WORLD have a million dollars cash capital. They own their own paper mills, printing plant, twelve story office building, and have been in business in Chicago 20 years. Any banker or business concern in the United States will tell you we are a responsible concern and do exactly as we agree. The WOMAN'S WORLD has a circulation of over 800,000 copies a month, and we want to reach the million mark by fall, if possible. The WOMAN'S WORLD is printed on fine paper profusely illustrated in colors. It has a lot of information and departments, dramatic news, household hints, puzzles, fashions, young folks departments and splendid stories by prominent writers. A great many inferior magazines charge $1.00 a year subscription but the price of the WOMAN'S WORLD is only 25 cents a year, and it is only because we have a circulation of nearly a million and have our own manufacturing plant that we can give such big value for such a small amount of money.

CONDITIONS.—Any person may enter this puzzle contest, the condition being that a subscription to the WOMAN'S WORLD must accompany the count. You can send 25 cents for one year's subscription to the WOMAN'S WORLD which entitles you to send one count, or you may send 50 cents for four year's subscription to the WOMAN'S WORLD, which will entitle you to four counts. If you are already a subscriber simply state the fact, and the new subscription will be added on to your present subscription. You can send in subscriptions for as many persons as you wish. Every subscription is entitled to one count. The more counts you send in the greater your chances are for winning more than one prize. In many towns a club of five or ten persons get together and each send in subscriptions agreeing that whatever prizes any one of the club may win is to be equally divided. It does not matter where you live nor when your answer is received so long as it is sent in before the closing of this contest. The person living on a farm has just as good a chance as one who lives in the city. At the bottom of this advertisement is a subscription and count blank. Count the number of B's in the hive, and if you send 25 cents, put in the number under the first count. Write in the figure, don't spell the number. If you send in four counts, put figures in each of the four spaces. No one knows the number of B's in the hive. The count will not be made until after the contest closes when each B will be counted by a committee then all the counts sent in by subscribers will be compared and the prizes awarded.

Every subscription we receive will be acknowledged by receipt and copy of the paper as soon as possible. Remember it takes some time to properly enter subscriptions and to take care of the large mail we receive daily, so if you do not hear from us at once, do not be alarmed. No counts can be changed after they have been sent in. If you think you have made a mistake in your first count, it will be necessary to make another subscription. Remit by Post Office or Express Order or registered letter. Remember if you send 25 cents for one year's subscription, write your count in the first space. If you send 50 cents, write a count in each of the four spaces. 25 cents entitles you to one year's subscription and one count and 50 cents entitles you to four year's subscription and four counts.

If you send in one count cross out the word four in the coupon. If you send in four counts cross out the word one in the coupon. Extra blanks will be furnished upon request. Address all communications to WOMAN'S WORLD, Chicago, Ill.

1st Count.	2nd Count.
3rd Count.	4th Count.

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Enclosed find 25 cents / 50 cents for one / four year's subscription to WOMAN'S WORLD, which entitles me to one count / four counts in your Bee Hive Puzzle. I register my one count / four counts in the blank at the left end of this coupon.
Yours truly,
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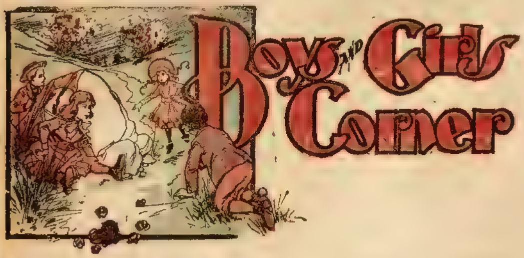

FOUND IN THE WOODS;

or, A Bound Boy's Adventures.

By E. E. YOUMANS.

Author of "A Mystery of the Forest," "The Lone Island," Etc.

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CHAPTER XVI.

A CLOSE CALL.

From the woman's excited manner the boys thought that the men were close upon them, but, as the seconds passed and nothing could be heard, Tim's curiosity asserted itself again, and he asked, in a low voice:

"How can we be near the river when we've tramped a long ways from it? We lost our way some time ago and were waiting for the clouds to break so we could get out bearings."

"That explains it, then. You've probably traveled in a circle and come around the swamp to the northwest. The men saw your fire from the isl—— from the river, I mean," she added, checking herself suddenly.

But the boys saw that she had misspoken herself and divulged a secret which it was plain, from her hasty but awkward correction, she had not intended to mention.

There was an island in the river, then, and this was more than likely the objective point of the party in the boat whom the boys had observed going up-stream in the afternoon.

Tim was about to speak when the woman continued:

"Come, we must hurry. The men may be hear us even now."

Without giving them a chance to reply, she turned and glided away, the boys following close behind her. Dare, in his excitement, forgot all about the panther skin, which still lay by the fire where he had left it.

"Be sure you make no noise. Your whole safety depends on silence."

She made her way through a small chaparral and came out on the banks of the stream, where she paused beside a boat that was drawn up on the shore. It was so dark that the boys could hardly see her, and they wondered how she could find her way through the woods with such ease.

She was about to push the craft out in the stream when the sound of oars suddenly fell upon their ears. She fell back with a gasp.

"I'm afraid we're too late," she whispered. "That's the men coming now, and here's where they'll land."

The noise continued, growing louder each second as the boat came nearer. The boys strained their eyes to catch a glimpse of it, but they could not see a dozen feet from the shore

Presently a voice which they knew only too well, and which they had abundant cause to fear, said:

"This is erbout ther place. Pull in here."

The craft could be heard approaching the shore, and they saw that the men would land only a few feet above them. Would they be discovered?

They kept their eyes fastened on the point where the boat was known to be, but could see nothing, the dip of the oars, and the water lapping the sides, being all that told it was steadily advancing.

As the seconds passed the woman became singularly uneasy. Tim noticed her agitation, and a great suspicion came over him.

She had betrayed them, had designedly led them here to be captured, and they had been easily and completely deluded by her apparent sincerity.

He turned and seized her arm. His grasp was not tender, and she winced with pain.

"You traitress" he hissed. "I believe you have betrayed us."

"I have not," she said, jerking away from him impatiently. Then she went on hurriedly:

"I didn't know they were so near. I am in as much danger as yourselves, for if the men found me here it would go hard with me. You'll have to take care of yourselves now; I must go. Take these, and, if necessary, defend yourselves."

She thrust a revolver in the hands of each, along with some loose cartridges, and before they could prevent it she had turned and glided away through the chaparral.

All this, of course, occurred in much less time than it takes to relate it, and the oncoming boat was now so near shore that the boys were obliged to give it their whole attention. Their peril was imminent, and they would have stolen away in the darkness had they been allowed time to do so, but the boat was too near for a step to be taken without arresting the attention of its occupants.

In a second more the outlines of the craft loomed through the night, and the boys, scarcely daring to breathe, crouched down behind some bushes close to the water. The bow of the boat touched the bank the next moment and two men stepped out, dragging the boat up on the shore for some distance.

"I reckon ther tide can't kerry it off now," said the voice of the peddler. "We'll be back in er few minutes, an' more'n likely we'll hev somebody with us. We must be sartin ter git 'em, whoever they be, fer when daylight comes they'll see ther island, and then ther deuce'd be ter pay."

"What'd yer 'spose any one ken be doin' here this time o' night, anyhow?" asked the other,

"Dunno. More'n likely he's some spy prowlin' round ter see what he kin find out. Come on, now, an' hev yer shooter ready."

The boys shuddered as they heard these words, and crouched lower, expecting each moment to be discovered.

In reality, they were not in as much danger of being seen as was the boat which belonged to the woman, for they were screened by the bushes, while the craft lay out on the bank so that the men had only to turn that way to discover it.

But, by the greatest good fortune, they did not turn, and what might have resulted in certain detection was by this simple chance avoided.

The outlaws started away through the woods and when beyond hearing distance the boys rose to their feet. At the same moment the rustle of a dress was heard close by, a warning "Hist!" greeted their ears, and the woman glided out of the darkness again and paused beside them.

"Now is our time," she whispered. "We must get away before the men return. Help me shove both boats into the water. We must be quick, for the men'll be back as soon as they find out that your camp is deserted."

This they began to do, though Tim was only partially reassured. The idea that she had tried to betray them was still in his mind, and even though she had given them the pistols and told them that she was in danger herself, he was suspicious.

But when he saw her draw a knife and spring into the outlaw craft, where she proceeded to cut two large holes in the bottom, he began to think he had been hasty in judging her. Then as the water rushed in and the craft slowly settled from view, while the woman barely had time to leap out, his lingering distrust was wholly dispelled and he turned to her, saying:

"I beg your pardon, lady, for having doubted you before, and also for hurting your arm."

"Oh, that's of no account," she answered, with the same soft laugh with which she had greeted them in the cabin.

Evidently she was unused to the term "lady" and Tim's courtesy amused her. He saw it and was nettled. He did not fancy being laughed at, even in good nature, and he bluntly added:

"You laugh at me, I suppose, for calling you a lady. I do so out of respect for my mother's sex, and whether you are entitled to the term or not is not for me to say. I don't know who or what you are, but from your looks I think you are fitted for a higher plane if you chose to take it."

"Thank you," she said, simply. "But we're losing time. Get into the boat and—hark! What's that?" she suddenly added, grasping Tim's arm.

The crash of footsteps in the distance warned them that the men were returning and that immediate departure was imperative.

Into the boat they clambered with the utmost haste, and had barely been swallowed up by the darkness when the enemy was heard coming through the bushes on the river bank. Then a fierce imprecation reached their ears, and they knew that the outlaws had found that their craft was gone.

"Some one's took it," cried the peddler, angrily. "Listen, I hear oars."

"Let it drift," whispered Tim, as the woman in her eagerness to leave the dangerous locality behind made considerable noise with the oars.

She obeyed at once, and it was well for all that she did so. The next moment a bright flash flared out from the shore, and a bullet struck the water just behind the craft, as the report of a rifle echoed through the forest.

The outlaw had fired at the point where he had heard the noise, and the nearness of the leaden messenger warned the fugitives that silence was their only safety. This they maintained with the utmost care, and in a little while the boat drifted out into the channel.

After going sime distance down the river the woman turned the craft toward the opposite bank. Carefully plying the oars, she urged it shoreward and was about to run the bow in under the bushes overhanging the water, when a slight noise reached their ears on that side.

Quickly seizing a low branch that extended out over the water, Tim brought the boat to a stop, while all listened intently. He was careful as possible in doing this, but the rush of water as the craft backed up was plainly audible, and they waited in nervous uncertainty the passing of the next few seconds.

But not a sound broke the stillness.

"I don't think it was anything, after all," said Dare. "Probably some——"

"Don't move yet," said the woman, anxiously. "It may be some of the other men."

"How many are there altogether?" asked Tim.

"Six. Four of them are here in the woods, while the others are somewhere down the river."

"Who are they?"

"Ask me no questions," was the impatient rejoinder. "If you had gone on about your business in the first place no trouble would have come to you."

"We heard them speak of an island," Tim continued. "Where is it?"

"I don't know. You'd better give more attention to your own safety and not meddle with what doesn't concern you."

"If what I think is so, it concerns me very much," said the youth.

"What do you think?" she asked, uneasily.

"That doesn't matter. You won't answer my questions, so I must decline to answer yours."

All this had been carried on in an undertone, while the boys were on the alert for any suggestive sound from the woods. But nothing more was heard, and, deciding that the first disturbance had been made by some animal, Tim was in the act of pulling the boat in close to the bank when a voice called out so near as to make them start back in affright:

"Hello, there!"

"Don't make the least noise," gasped the woman, her voice trembling with fear. "It's just as I expected. The men have got tired of waiting for the others and are calling to them from this side."

They sat perfectly still and peered through the darkness. A moment later some one came through the underbrush and halted at the water's edge only a few yards above them.

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"Hi, there!" again rang over the river.

"What is it?" came the voice of the peddler from the opposite shore.

"What's keepin' ye so long?"

"The boat's gone. Some one's took it. We hearn the sound o' oars erwhile ago, an' I fired er shot."

The fellow in the bushes became enraged at this, calling the others all kinds of hard names for not concealing the boat before leaving it. Finally he asked:

"Where's Lize?"

"Back on the island."

"She's nothin' o' ther sort."

"Then I dunno where she be."

"Seems ter me she's been actin' purty queer lately," shouted back the outlaw in the bushes. "She'll git herself in trouble next thing she knows. I'm gittin' tired o' it."

The woman started violently. A cry of fear fell from her lips, and, though it was scarcely above a whisper, it attracted the attention of the man in the bushes.

"What's that?" he cried, and they heard him step back in the underbrush.

Then they knew he was not alone, for another voice replied:

"I hearn nothin'. I reckon yer too riled up ter know what yer erbout."

"Ter thunder with yer," growled the other. "I tell yer I hearn somethin'."

"An' I tell yer yer didn't."

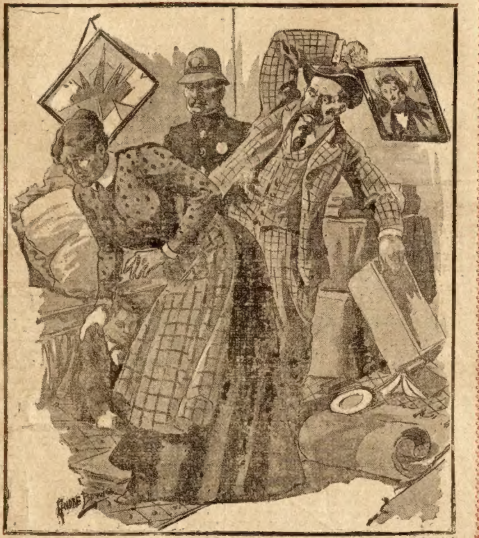
"Yer allurs was er durned fool, Abe Hooper," continued the first speaker, savagely; "but don't yer give me any o' yer guff, d'ye hear? Come down this way an' we'll see erbout it."

The next moment they could be heard coming toward the boat.

CHAPTER XVII.

UNDER FIRE.

As she heard the men coming the woman lost all control of herself. Grasping an oar she shoved it into the water incautiously loud, and with one hard pull sent the boat some distance from the shore.



The Constable brought the shattered picture down on her head.

The water gurgled past the sides with alarming distinctness, and the outlaw crashed through the bushes down to the very spot where the craft had been only a moment before.

"I'm sure I heard somethin'," he shouted. "Halt, there, an' come back, whoever yer be, er I'll fill yer full o' lead."

But the woman realized her error now, and not a sound escaped her. She held the oar poised in the air, while the boat, still moving slowly, was carried further from the shore, and the boys tried to look through th darkness to where the outlaws stood.

The situation was critical. They knew they would be fired upon as soon as the boat could be located, and realized how fortunate it was that the friendly shadow shielded them from detection.

A shot was fired a moment later, but it was only an experiment, and no harm was done.

"D'ye see 'em?" called the peddler from the opposite shore.

"No, but they're not far away. Look sharply on your side, an' be keerful how yer fire this way."

When the boat reached the channel Tim directed the woman to turn down stream.

"Be careful with the oar," he whispered. "They'll hear the least sound."

This she tried her best to do, but a final gurgle echoed over the river as the oar was buried in the water. The outlaw heard it and a pistol shot rang out. The next instant the woman uttered a scream, dropped the oar and pitched forward in the boat.

Stupefied with horror, the boys sat motionless until another shot followed the first, and a ball skimmed past them, uncomfortably near. Then, knowing that something must be done, Tim took up the oar, carefully pushed it into the stream and gently turned the boat.

A little stroke served to give it headway, and they sat perfectly still, allowing it to drift down the river, but what the outcome of the situation would be was hard to say.

For the next five minutes there was no change.

Then suddenly a small ray of light flashed over the water. It came from a dark lantern on the peddler's side, only a few yards above them. The next moment a similar ray from the opposite shore burst through the darkness, and they were dismayed to see that by this means a small sheet of light stretched across the river.

Soon it began moving toward them. Not a word was spoken from either side, the outlaws working in such unison that directions were unnecessary.

For a time the boys were unable to decide what was best to do. Then, acting on a sudden idea, Dare seized the oar and endeavored to force the boat ahead noiselessly.

He soon found that this was impossible. It could not be made to move fast enough unless a stronger strike were given, which could not be done without being heard.

The light steadily approached, and they saw that severe means must be resorted to if they would escape being seen.

Suddenly Tim thoughtof his gun. He soon had it to his shoulder, and, aiming steadily at one of the lights, pressed the trigger.

The bullseye disappeared in an instant, while the fellow who carried it began yelling in mingled surprise and pain. Evidently he was wounded as well as surprised.

Then the youth seized the other oar, and, with as little noise as possible, gave the boat more headway. At the same instant a shot rang out and soon they were under a heavy fire from both sides of the river.

But, thanks to Tim's promptness, they were carried beyond the point at which the fusillade was directed, and, as the current was stronger here, they were borne silently along a trifle faster.

In a few minutes the firing ceased and another state of suspense for the fugitives began.

They could hear the outlaws coming down the river banks on both sides, but as it was known that the boys were armed, they were cautious in the use of the one remaining lantern.

It was the light on the peddler's side of the stream that Tim had destroyed, and rays from the lantern of the party on the oposite shore were flashed only at intervals.

This fact suggested a plan to Tim's mind, and once more he gently shoved the oar into the water. He knew it was impossible to keep ahead of the marauders without making so much noise that the boat could be easily located, and his plan was to conceal themselves under the overhanging bushes until they had gone.

The craft was accordingly turned toward the bank, a noiseless stroke giving it sufficient headway to carry it in close to the shore. It was brought to a standstill under a heavy fringe of bushes, and, thus screened, they watched and waited.

The light on the bank was seen now and then, and at last they knew it must be directly opposite them. This was the critical moment, and they sat in the boat like statues.

The next second a small belt of light radiated above the water, and the crash of footsteps not far above them in the underbrush proved that the peddler and his companion were close by. Then their hearts thumped faster as they heard the marauders pause almost in front of them.

"I tell yer we're on ther wrong track," said the peddler's friend. "They've gone up ther river."

"I guess that's erbout right," was the reply. "I'll jest yell ter ther others."

This he did, a loud "Hello!" echoing across the water the next second.

"What be it?" asked the fellow on the opposite shore.

"Turn back. I don't guess they've come this way. We'll look up ther river."

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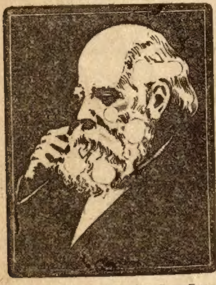

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"Ther noise sounded ter me like 's if it were down."

"Well, turn back, anyhow."

"I reckon yer don't know what yer want," growled the other. "Bet yer now they be close by us."

"Close yer yawp, will yer. Who's runnin' this biz?"

"Yer be, but ye're makin' poor work on it."

He turned back, nevertheless, and the men on the boy's side were also heard to retreat.

The fugitives began to breathe easier, when something occurred that set their hearts to fluttering with suffocating velocity.

The woman, who all along had been lying still, and, as they supposed, dead, in the bottom of the boat, suddenly stirred uneasily and a groan loud enough to be heard a dozen yards away fell from her lips.

"What's this?" cried the peddler, stopping so suddenly that his companion, being close behind, crashed into him.

"What's ther matter with yer? Yer allurs hearin' somethin'," he cried, savagely. "I didn't hear nothin', an' I smashed my nose on yer blasted shoulder. Ther next time yer stop like that, jest guv me er little warnin', will yer?"

"Look wher' ye're goin' an' yer won't git hurt," was all the satisfaction the peddler gave him. "I thought I hearn a groan; jest listen er minute."

"Yer didn't hear nothin'. Thunder, how mer nose bleeds."

He began blowing that organ vigorously as he spoke, which proved very fortunate for the fugitives, as at that moment the woman groaned again. The peddler thought he heard it, though he could not be sure.

"Will yer keep that infarnal horn o' yourn still fer er minute? Ther devil take yer. I thought I hearn that noise ag'in," he said.

"Don't give er damn if yer did. Why don't yer go an' see what it am, an' not stand there like er fool?"

"Seems ter me yer gittin' purty pert lately," said the peddler, ominously. "Be keerful, er I'll smash yer—see?"

"Try it on once, if yer think yer ken do it. I'd jest like ter git even with yer fer that rap on ther nose. It bleeds like er stuck pig."

How lucky for the boys that this altercation between the two desperadoes occurred! It served to divert their attention, and gave the fugitives time to act.

Before the woman could groan again Tim bent forward and placed his hand on her mouth. Then he held her head up from the bottom of the boat so that her position was made easier.

He was conscious of a thrill of joy as he realized that she was not dead, and from that moment he felt himself drawn toward her by an influence impossible to understand.

In a few minutes she revived sufficiently to know what was going on around her, and with a warning "S-sh!" he removed his hand from her mouth. She made an effort to raise herself, but he gently pushed her back while he bent over her and whispered:

"Don't make any noise. The outlaws are near and will hear you. They heard you groan a minute ago, and are on the watch."

She made no reply, but sank back against his arm and was quiet, while for the next few minutes the boys were in a state of suspense that was almost unbearable. At last, to their great joy, the men began moving on again and were soon some distance above them.

Then Tim assisted the woman to sit up, and she was made as comfortable as possible in the bottom of the boat. She complained of a queer sensation in her head, and it was found that her long, black hair was soaked with blood. She had received a severe scalp wound, but, fortunately, it was not as dangerous as at first appeared.

Tim wet his handkerchief and washed away the blood, after which he bound it around the wound and fastened it as best he could with a couple of hair pins.

Meanwhile, the marauders had gone on up stream. This was their chance, and Tim began to force the boat out into the river. When it reached the channel he turned to the right and began sculling vigorously.

For more than five minutes they continued on, when suddenly a suspicious sound ahead broke upon their ears. He paused and listened, the unmistakable click of oar locks convincing him that a boat was coming up the river.

"Who can it be?" he asked the woman.

"It must be the other men coming to join those above. We must not be seen. Can't you run in under the bushes again?"

"Hurry, Tim," said Harry in a low tone. "You won't have time to turn the boat if you delay longer."

With a deft stroke the youth turned the craft and sculled across to the nearest shore. In a few seconds they were concealed, and they waited for the outlaw boat to pass.

Tim strained his eyes in the direction it was coming, but of course it was too dark for him to see even the outlines of it. But in a few moments, however, it could be heard going by.

The youth partly turned to face the point where it was passing, but he would have given a good deal the next second could he have recalled the move. By an unfortunate twist of the oar he lost his hold on the handle, and it fell against the bow of the boat with a loud noise.

He quickly grabbed it again, but the mischief was done and the next instant the outlaw boat was turned and began coming in. The fugitives quivered with terror, for discovery seemed inevitable.

But suddenly the craft stopped.

"Here's erbout ther place we hearn it," said a gruff voice. "Git out ther lantern en' light her up. I reckon between the two on us we kin fin' out what it wus."

One of them was heard rummaging around the boat, and the scratching of a match reached the ears of the fugitives. By the tiny blaze they could see the face of the outlaw as he proceeded to light the lantern, and they easily recognized him as the fellow who had deprived them of the deer back in the woods.

The lantern was now held up, and again the boat came on. But before it got near enough for them to be seen Dare took a loose cartridge from his pocket, and tossed it out over the heads of the enemy.

It made a loud splash some distance behind them, and the fellow at the oars at once backed water.

"What wer' that?" he said. "Hold ther light out here. Ther' must be somethin' behind us."

He pulled back several yards, and the man with the lantern stood up in the craft, holding the light above his head with one hand, while in the other he held a huge pistol.

The rays of the lantern were flashed from side to side, but of course nothing could be seen.

"It be queer," said he with the light. "We am right over ther place wher ther splash war heard, but I can't see nothing."

"Maybe it wa'n't nothin' arter all," said his companion; "er it might er been er fish."

"That first noise war no fish, lemme tell yer. Pull back ther' ag'in."

Once more they advanced toward shore, but this time their course would bring them in at a point a little above the hidden boat. Dare ttossed another cartridge, but the act was unfortunate, as was soon demonstrated.

As it fell in the water the outlaw with the lantern wheeled and fired a shot in the direction of the splash. The report of the weapon had scarcely died away, when a shot rang out far up the stream, followed by a faint:

"Hello down there!"

"That's Hanks voice," cried one of the men. "He must be comin' down from ther island."

"We'd better pull up an' meet 'im," said the other. "He'll guv us ther dickens fer stayin' so long."

"Not much he won't, an' we'll stay right here till he comes up, then we ken fin' out wot them noises were. Ther's somethin' wrong here. I'm er thinkin'. Jest back out ther' wher' them last splashes war hearn; maybe I hit somethin'. Keerful, now; go slow."

CHAPTER XVIII.

BY THE LIGHTNING'S FLASH.

The craft backed away again, but the boys knew that their position was more perilous than ever. It would only be a short time when those from above would arrive on the scene, and with so many hunting for them it would be hard to escape.

"What can we do?" asked Dare, excitedly.

"You can do nothing, boys, but stay right where you are," whispered the woman. "If we could get out of the boat without making any noise we might take to the woods, but we can't do it without attracting attention."

"Let's try it, anyhow," said Tim. "We're lost if we stay here."

But before this attempt could be made a flash of light from above showed that the peddler and his men were coming rapidly down. Those in the boat saw the light, and one of them called out:

"Hi, Hank! be that yer?'

"Hank an' Hig be comin' down on ther other side o' ther river," came the answer; "me an' Abe Hooper on this side."

"It's Seth Weeks,' said one of the men. "Wonder what ther devil they're all doin' out here?"

They were close by now, and those in the boat pulled up stream and turned shoreward about thirty yards above the fugitives. The boat was heard swishing through the bushes along the water's edge, and a moment later the occupants sprang out on the bank.

"Who fired that shot we hearn?" asked Seth Weeks.

"I did. We hearn er queer noise below here er bit."

"What'd ther noise sound like?"

"Somethin' like er oar knockin' ergin er boat side."

"Must be ther party we've been chasin' fur ther last hour. Let's go down there in yer boat."

Imagine the feelings of the fugitives as they heard these words. The woman trembled so violently that they could feel the boat rock slightly, and Tim was in momentary fear that she would utter a scream of terror.

As the craft came slowly along the lantern flashed out its rays from side to side, and when it was so near that discovery seemed likely to occur in a moment, Tim suddenly felt the woman sink down and lean heavily against his side. The excitement was more than she could stand, and she had fainted. Her weight forced him over, and he was compelled to grasp the gunwale of the boat to avoid falling out.

By the greatest good fortune no noise had been made, and they were as yet unknown. But the craft was coming straight on, and the rays from the lantern had already tipped the outer edge of the bushes concealing them, when a loud noise was heard on the opposite shore.

"Hello, there!" came the peddler's voice across the water the next second.

"What's up?" asked Seth.

"We want ter git in with yer. Pull over here an' take us erboard."

Seth grumbled a little at the sudden change, but gave the necessary order, and once more by a happy chance detection was avoided.

The boat backed away, and, scarcely able to realize their narrow escape, Tim laid the unconscious woman down in the bottom of the craft.

"We must get out of this before they return," he whispered. "It's our last chance."

He took up the oar and cautiously pulled out into the channel. The slight noise he made was drowned by the oars of the outlaw craft, and they did not hear it. When they gained the channel the boat was turned down stream, and by the time Seth had taken the peddler and his companion aboard, the fugitive boat was far enough away to give Tim a chance to use the oar.

He stood up and began sculling with all his might. The craft shot ahead, and they were beginning to think that at last they might escape, when a crash of thunder sounded in the distance and a gust of wind moaned through the tree tops.

Tim could not suppress a cry of horror.

The lightning would soon flash through the darkness and illumine the whole river, then the discovery, which so far had been successfully avoided, would surely overtake them.

"We must get as far away now as possible before the lightning comes," he cried, excitedly. "They'll surely see us at the first flash!"

Another gust of wind swept through the trees, followed by a muffled roar as the thunder rolled over their heads. Then suddenly a broad bright flash forked itself from the clouds, and the whole surface of the river was as bright as day.

The boat containing the six outlaws was clearly discerned, and almost at the same moment the fugitives were seen. A hoarse yell of rage announced the discovery, and, before the flash, which was a prolonged one, faded away, several pistol shots rang out, and as many bullets cut the water close to the boat.

The marauders were not more than a hundred yards above them, and the next flash

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showed that their craft had turned down the river and was cutting through the water under the vigorous influence of two pairs of oars, while the other four outlaws were ready to open fire again.

"Pull hard!" roared the peddler. "Don't let 'em escape. Ther game's ours this time."

No need for caution now, and Tim sculled along with all his strength. The boat jumped over the waves like a thing of life, but the outlaws steadily gained upon them.

Meanwhile, the flashes of lightning were now so vivid and frequent that it was hard to tell where one ended and the other began.

The marauders soon began firing again, having reduced the distance so that the fugitives were within easy range. The leaden messengers whizzed around them in all directions, but fortunately none took effect.

"They're gaining on us all the time," said Dare. "If that lightning would only stop we might have some chance; but if it keeps up they'll manage to hit us, sure."

"We must do something to check them," said Tim. "Load the gun and fire at them. Put in an extra heavy charge of shot."

This Dare set about doing. It was some time before he was ready, but at last he took careful aim and fired. The shot was a success.

The man in the bow of the boat fell back on top of the others, two of whom came near being knocked overboard by the shock.

Yells of rage rang out high above the oncoming tempest, and a perfect fusillade was directed toward the fugitives, but owing to the swaying of the boats the aim was defective.

The confusion, however, acted as a temporary check to the pursuers, and when they again started, the boys had increased the distance between them by nearly fifty yards.

With cries of rage the outlaws came on.

On down the stream went the fugitives, and on came the pursuers, firing incessantly and shouting loudly as their bullets failed to take effect.

For more than three minutes there was no change in the situation. The enemy did not appear to be gaining, and the advantage the fugitives had obtained was still in their favor.

But now the terrific exertion at the scull was beginning to tell on Tim, and he knew he could not hold out much longer. The perspiration was rolling down his face in streams, and his arms ached almost beyond endurance.

He stuck to it as long as he could, however, then, realizing that he could go no farther, he was about calling Harry to take his place, when an awful roar of thunder crashed overhead, and Dare uttered a cry of horror.

Another installment of this story will appear in next week's Ledger. All readers desiring our free cameras or patterns will find the conditions named in our advertisement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

* * *

Sometimes a man is willing to remain at the foot of the ladder for the purpose of pulling others down.

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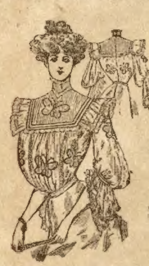
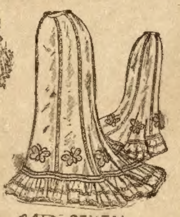
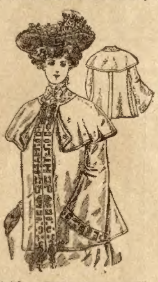


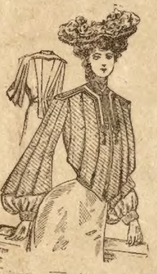
4417 WOMANS WAIST 32-40 BUST



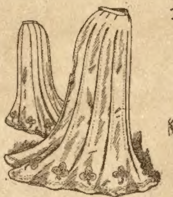
4413 SEVEN GORED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST



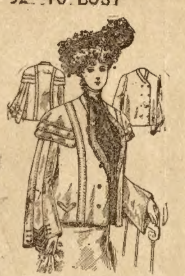
4433 WOMANS COAT 32-40 BUST



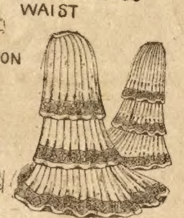
4427 TUCKED ETON 32-40 BUST



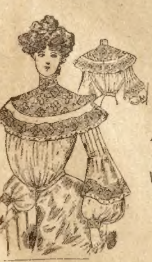
4429 CIRCULAR SKIRT 22-30 WAIST



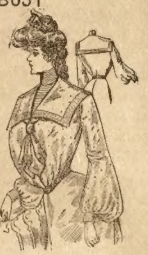
4436 WOMANS COAT 32-40 BUST



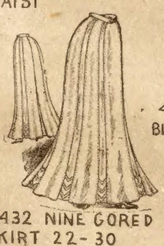
4438 TRIPLE TUCKED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST



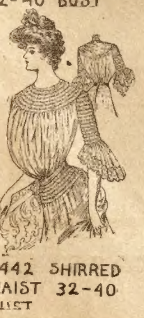
4437 FANCY WAIST 32-40 BUST



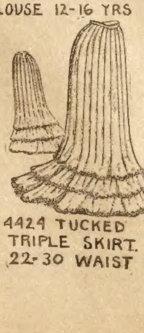
4426 MISSES SAILOR BLOUSE 12-16 YRS



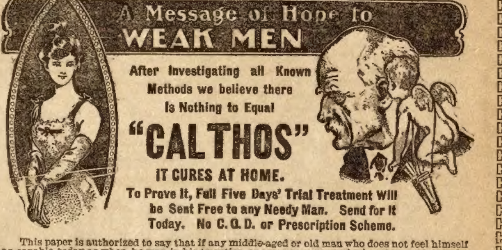
4432 NINE GORED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST



4442 SHIRRED WAIST 32-40 BUST



4424 TUCKED TRIPLE SKIRT. 22-30 WAIST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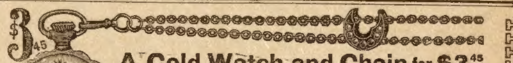

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

THE MOON CHILDREN.

BY EMILY H. JUDGE.

"Come on! Come on! We will be late!" The boy calling was a queer little fellow. You might not have thought it was a boy, but, if you lived in the moon, as he did, you would look exactly the same.

"Oh, come on!" he called again, and flying along the white road came the girl he called. Perhaps you would think her funny, too, but she was a lovely moon girl, as they consider loveliness up there. You can judge for yourself from her picture. Laughing gayly, on they flew along the beautiful white road, and talked about where they were going. That day the Man in the Moon had told the people that they might go down to earth for a day while he went to sleep, but if they were not home by the time he got down on the earth they would have to stay, "and," said he, "you'll be sorry if you do, for the earth people are not nice and it isn't always light there." Here the people shivered. "Sometimes they can't even see me!" and he swelled with importance. Then a soft voice that, soft as it was, every one could hear, said: "Sometimes they can't even see me!" And then all the people wept bitterly, for it was the moon herself talking, and they could think of nothing more terrible than not to be able to see all the time the lovely, calm, untroubled radiance of her face. The boy and girl soon reached the edge of the moon and stood hesitating.

"It's awfully far down there," said the boy.

"Yes, but it looks nice," said the girl.

"I guess I won't go down," said he. "Let's go and play with the clouds. I'll bet we can catch them today."

"No, you shan't," cried the girl. "I want to see the earth world." And giving him a push over he went, and she after him. They were pretty well out of breath when they landed.

They had fallen in a green field, so it hadn't hurt them much.

"Isn't it funny?" said she.

"I call it horrid," snapped the boy. "What did you push me over for? I would rather be up there than here, with this horrid colored stuff over everything. Why can't everything be white?" he wailed.

"Oh, stop!" said the girl. We are travelers now. Let's go and look around."

So they started off, and soon they saw something queer running along the road.

"That's a man," whispered the girl. It was really a little dog, but they had never seen one before.

"He will speak to us," said the boy, "and we will tell him we're from the moon." The little dog ran up to them, sniffed at them, then barked loudly and ran away. He wasn't a very brave dog, but these creatures were as funny to him as he was to them.

"He wasn't very polite," said the moon girl, with her nose in the air.

"Earth people never are," answered the boy.

Now, that was a rather mean thing to say, but almost every one does feel angry if a dog barks at them, and they had never really met an earthly person in their lives. Soon a man and a woman came along.

"Do look at those queer things!" called out the woman.

The boy blushed and the girl said: "We're from the moon."

"Dear me!" said the woman.

"From the moon, are you?" said the man. "I'd go back there, if I were you."

"Oh, don't!" cried the woman. "I do believe it's really a little girl." And she stooped and took the girl very gently in her hand and looked her in the face. "What is your name?" she whispered.

"Love," said the girl.

The man smiled and then took up the boy.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Work," said the boy.

"Work! What a strange name!"

"Yes, I have to work all the time," he grumbled. "I have to run after the clouds and pull them this way and that way, and it's awful hard work." And the boy frowned and looked very cross.

"What do you do?" said the woman to the girl.

The moon girl looked lovingly at the boy. "I just go with him wherever he is, because he couldn't work all the time if Love were not with him," and she caught the boy's hand, and the frown on his funny face instantly vanished and he smiled back at her bravely.

The man looked at the woman; her lips moved silently, and he could see that she was saying, "Let us keep them with us."

He sighed and said: "Ah, no! Work is hard!"

"But," she whispered, "you can't have Love if you send Work back to the moon."

The man looked long at the woman, and he knew he must have Love, so he said: "Well, let us keep them." And the moon-children were so happy with the earth-people they never noticed that the moon was rising and that the Man in the Moon was looking down on them, but played and talked until it was too late to go back. And that is how Love and Work came to earth, and sometimes now it is hard to tell which is the favorite of the earth people, Love or Work!

Glass Cut With Scissors.

With an ordinary pair of scissors you can cut a sheet of glass as easily as you can cut a sheet of pasteboard.

The secret of this experiment consists in plunging your hands, with the glass and scissors, into a tub of water, and there performing the operation.

In this way the glass cuts in straight or curved lines without a break or crack, for the water deadens the vibration of both the scissors and glass. Try this and you will be convinced of its truth. Remember that not the least part of the scissors or glass must appear above the water, and take thin glass or your hands will not be strong enough to close the scissors.

Fable of the Two Rats.

A rat seeking a place in which to live chose a palace, saying he preferred high life, while his companion chose a hut, saying, he was content with less, says a writer in St. Nicholas. But the palace was found to be a poor place for a rat. The walls and floors were so well built that no holes could be made in them, and the pantry was so well kept that nothing was left exposed to marauders. Moreover, there were so many pet cats and dogs that a rat had no liberty. As a result the rat got nothing to eat, and finally starved to death—all from trying to live in too much "style."

The other rat found the hut just what he wanted. There were plenty of holes, the provisions were poorly protected, the barn was near by. The cottage rat, accordingly, lived in plenty and enjoyed what was really high life for a rat. "For," he said, "a palace has fewer opportunities for a rat than a hovel, and they who aspire should consider what the advantages for them are in the places which they seek."

Sensible.

Querist—Sonny, which would you rather lose, your tricycle or your dog?

Sonny—Neither.

Querist—But if a big boy was to rob you of one, which would you rather lose?

Sonny (after some deliberation)—The one that the boy took."

Willie's Kitten.

"Now, Willie," said the teacher, "you may spell kitten."

"K-i-i-t-t-e-n," he slowly spelled.

"No, no," exclaimed the teacher; "kitten hasn't got two i's."

"Well, ours has," replied the small observer.

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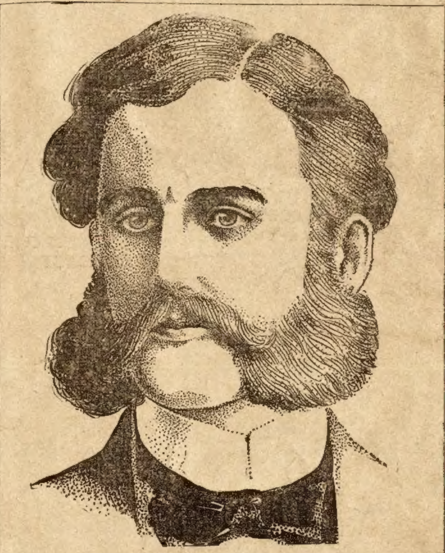
WEAK MADE STRONG

Marvelous Elixir of Life Discovered by Famous Doctor-Scientist That Cures Every Known Ailment.

Wonderful Cures Are Effected That Seem Like Miracles Performed; The Secret of Long Life of Olden Times Revived.

THE REMEDY IS FREE TO ALL WHO SEND NAME AND ADDRESS.



DR. JAMES WILLIAM KIDD.

After years of patient study and delving into the dusty record of the past, as well as following modern experiments in the realms of medical science, Dr. James W. Kidd, 128 Baltes Block, Fort Wayne, Ind., makes the startling announcement that he has surely discovered the elixir of life; that he is able, with the aid of a mysterious compound, known only to himself, produced as a result of the years he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving boon, to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body. There is no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claim, and the remarkable cures that he is daily effecting seem to bear him out very strongly. His theory which he advances is one of reason and based on sound experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable "Elixir of Life," as he calls it, for he sends it free to any one who is a sufferer, in sufficient quantities to convince of its ability to cure; so there is absolutely no risk to run. Some of the cures cited are very remarkable, and but for reliable witnesses would hardly be credited. The lame have thrown away crutches and walked about after two or three trials of the remedy. The sick, given up by home doctors, have been restored to their families and friends in perfect health. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach, heart, liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases and bladder troubles disappear as by magic. Headaches, backaches, nervousness, fevers, consumption, coughs, colds, asthma catarrh, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat, lungs or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvelous.

Partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, dropsy, gout, scrofula and piles are quickly and permanently removed. It purifies the entire system, blood and tissues, restores normal nerve power, circulation, and a state of perfect health is produced at once. To the doctor all systems are alike and equally affected by this great "Elixir of Life." Send for the remedy today. It is free to every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of, and the sure remedy for it will be sent you free by return mail.

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